




THE USURER'S DAUGHTER.
"NEITHER OF YOU KNEW THAT I CAME."



The Usurer's Daughter.

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Mecca. Mingled with the Arabs were Malays, Turks, Persians and even Moors, all happy in the belief that they would partake in the prosperity which was reputed to befall those performing the pilgrimage to the Sacred City.

Upon one of the earthen benches in the barber's booth, sat two of these pilgrims, who had removed the white cotton cloths invariably worn by such until their vows were accomplished. In the name of Allah and Mohammed they had loosened the *Thram*, and now, with beards trimmed and clad in their proper attire, they rested awhile, even though the barber with a courteous: "Pleasure to you," had hinted that their seats ought to have been vacated before.

The elder of the two men was evidently a Moor, judging by his large muslin turban, gay cloak, crimson trousers and brightly-dyed slippers, while the younger was attired as an Arab sheik. Above his flowing and embroidered robe he wore a long white cloak of camel's hair, lined with blue silk, while round his waist passed a silken sash, into which was thrust a

crooked dagger, encrusted at the hilt with jewels as befitted his rank. The square of silk which covered the latter pilgrim's head projected over the forehead, throwing a shadow upon his face which long exposure to the eastern sun had deeply bronzed. No one who observed the Eastern gait and gestures which distinguished the sheik would have guessed that the costume which he wore covered an Englishman, Edward Martin by name, who had ventured to Mecca thus disguised and happily escaped detection.

Gifted with a love of adventure Martin had joined the pilgrims; and at last, to his regret, the day had come when it was necessary to leave Mecca and to say farewell to the unsuspecting Moor with whom he was then in close conversation.

"Muzrah," said the Englishman, "the time has come for us to part; yet I remember that you have undertaken this pilgrimage in fulfilment of a vow. So I learnt from you when first we met after kissing the Black Stone of the Kaaba, and yet you helped me to find the sacred pigeons of Mecca."

"Sheik," responded the Moor, "it grieves me to part from such a true follower of Mohammed as you are, and if there is anything you would care to have

from me as a remembrance, speak, and in Allah's name it is granted."

"Your vow," said Martin. "Tell me of it; for well I know the leagues you had to traverse between Tangier and Mecca the Holy. Before we part tell me your history, that I may know what you have endured, for the furrows on your brow speak silently of cares far beyond your years."

"Peace!" said the Moor, scowling at the barber, who had ventured to renew his wish for them to be gone. "Disturb not with your chatter those blessed ones who have performed the pilgrimage." Then, turning to Martin, the pilgrim continued:

"You shall hear a strange story, then, one that few would credit; but here, just free as I am from the *Thram*, you know that I dare not speak falsely. By the beard of the Prophet I have undergone much; yet who would not have done what I did if for him love could be kindled in such a fair maid as Leah, the daughter of Ben Housa? Hear my story, and judge."

"Yes, I come from fair Tangier, with its whitened houses, upon which the glittering stars look down from an azure sky, and where the soft light of the moon floods the narrow ways in silver streams, shadowing upon them the outlines of leafy palms and wondrous minarets. There dwelt Ben Housa, and there my eyes first fell upon Leah, as I sat one day by an arch which spanned the street, and idly watched the passers-by. Among them I saw one who had long before been pointed out to me as one of the worst of the Jewish usurers in Tangier—Ben Housa. Proudly he moved along, casting glances of contempt upon all from beneath the black cap which he wore. When I saw the unbeliever, I hastily looked away towards the outline of a dark hand painted beside a door close by, to ward off evil things such as he, and

then again I dared to gaze upon the Hebrew, and to mark the richness of his robes.

"At that moment my glances fell for the first time upon his daughter, Leah, whose beauty was spoken of at many a fountain side by those who gathered there in the heat of day. A mad love for her sprang up in my heart, while she, on seeing my hardy looks, blushed and modestly drew her veil about her face.

"I watched them pass down the narrow street together, then, having checked the impulse to follow them which arose, I tried to forget the maiden's black eyes and full, red lips—but in vain. The next day, and the next, found me resting by the arch to see if I could get another glimpse of Leah. Towards sunset of the second day I saw her pass once more, still guarded by her sire, who frowned as he detected my glances of admiration directed towards his daughter. Unconsciously I rose and drew nearer to them.

"'Out of the path, thou Moorish dog; make way for thy betters,' he cried fiercely. Maddened by his wanton insult, I sprang towards him and, snatching my sword from its sheath, would have plunged it, even to its jewelled hilt, in his heart, when I saw the eyes of Leah fixed pleadingly upon me, and I paused irresolutely. Then sullenly I moved aside, and the Hebrew swept scornfully by, while I, a True Believer, had been put to such shame!

"Now there lived in Tangier a man whom I had befriended, for I was counted rich as the world's wealth goes, so to him I went, for as you may know, poverty and keen wit are close companions. I told him everything, and he, on hearing that the maiden had not looked upon me unkindly, hit upon a plan by which I might visit her abode. Following the advice which he gave me, I kept within doors for a few days, and caused a rumour to be spread that I had

suddenly lost all my wealth. When each man had whispered the supposed secret into his neigh-



"MUZRAH," SAID THE ENGLISHMAN.

bour's ear, I dressed in mean attire and made my way to the abode of Ben Housa, the usurer. Tremblingly I asked for audience with him, saying that if he would see me, I wished to borrow money at good interest and security. After considerable delay I was admitted into his presence, and noticed the smile of scorn which overspread his features as he observed my altered appearance.

"Is it indeed you?" he asked derisively, as I bowed low before him; "you, who only a few days ago dared to bar my way in the streets of Tangier, and to grasp your sword ready to slay me? What do you want from Ben Housa, who is always prepared to be of service to those in need?"

"I winced at the bitter tone of his voice; but, remembering my scheme, said humbly:

"Yes, it is even I. A week ago I was a wealthy man—to-day I am forced to seek a friend. Will you lend me money at interest?"

"Why should I?" he asked with a laugh. "Those of your race scorn and insult the Hebrews, yet when you are in need you consider us sufficiently worthy to lend, and so save you from starving. Tell me why I should lend you money before I have you thrust from the house, which your presence profanes."

"I am poor, that is why," I answered. "What terms will you lend upon?" He made no answer for a moment, then responded:

"If you can find anyone who will be your security I will lend whatever you require for as much interest in return as the borrowed sum amounts to?" I stared at him as he announced his exorbitant terms.

"A heavy rate, indeed," I answered at last, moodily.

"What would you have?" he asked; "sooner than die of famine in the streets of Tangier you should be glad to accept any terms. If in two days' time you can find security, come again and the money shall be lent, as I have stated, not otherwise. Take care, too, that you repay me at the time stated, or the darkest dungeon of Morocco which a debtor ever starved in shall be yours."

"Be not so hard upon a man in such sore distress," I cried. "In two days I shall be dead from famine, already I grow weak from want;" and I grasped at the

pillar which supported the fretted ceiling of his audience chamber, and, purposely missing it, fell heavily upon the floor. The noise brought Leah, his daughter, hastily into the room, and, bending over my prostrate form, she looked pityingly upon my wan visage, for I had purposely fasted for some time.

"See!" cried Housa, with a harsh laugh; "there he lies, who threatened your father with a sword and whose free glances, girl, I much feared you returned. A pretty lover you have, indeed—a Mohammedan dog and beggar."

"Be not so cruel," said Leah, rebuking him; "only to-day I heard that he is a Moorish prince who has suddenly lost his wealth."

"What!" exclaimed Housa furiously. "Have you pity to bestow upon one of these hateful Moors? Take care that you do not rouse my anger too much in your zeal for such as he who lies there?" Housa moved forward hastily and pushed his daughter away from the spot where she knelt at my side, but not before I had cautiously touched her hand and thrust into it a fragment of papyrus on which were traced a few words telling her of my hopes and fears. She hid it beneath the folds of her dress, wondering what it might be, and then left the apartment, submissive to her father's commands. I rose and moved slowly to the door by which I had entered.

"Housa," I cried feebly; "you have an unforgiving heart; but I will come to you again in two days' time, as you say."

"He pointed to the entrance scornfully as he replied: 'Go, and return not unless your security accompanies you.' And he had me thrust forth, not knowing the plan I was carrying out."

II

WHEN night came, and Housa had retired to dream of his ill-gotten wealth, Leah, his daughter, passed silently down the winding staircase, and, having crossed the threshold, made her way onward through the moonlit streets. Beneath the shadow of a stately mosque I stood, still clad in mean attire, hoping against hope that she would grant the daring request which I had written upon the papyrus. Draped in a dusky, trailing robe, I saw a woman's form draw near; and then, while my heart beat high with hope, the maiden stopped,

and, lowering her veil slightly, revealed the features of Leah! I fell at her feet and humbly touched the hem of her robe, bidding her call me her slave for ever. She motioned to me to rise, and then the maiden faltered forth her sorrow for my fallen fortunes. So sweet in my ears sounded her words of pity that I did not undeceive her, although I stoutly refused the aid which her generous spirit prompted her to offer. I spoke of the friend who had promised to be my security to her father, and of the hope that I had of the restoration, in the future, of my lost wealth. Then the accents of our voices grew softer still, and fast the golden minutes fled, until at last, I walked by her side till she reached Ben Housa's dwelling. Then, with a little sigh of sorrow, she passed from my view like the vision of a dream which melts at the coming of day.

Returning to the humble abode in which I had chosen to dwell for the time, I sat by the open lattice, watching the stars till the grey dawn came stealing up and mantled them about, one by one, till they were gone from my sight and again it was day.

When the sunset of the second day arrived, faithful to my promise to Ben Housa, I approached his presence once more; and having no need of his gold, since in seeing Leah my object had been attained, I declared that my friend would not become a surety after all. Housa, whose thoughts were difficult to fathom, did not treat me in the contemptuous way which he had adopted before, but instead of doing so, he plied me with flattering words until I began to fear his subtle schemes more than I had resented his former arrogance in the streets of Tangier.

"‘You are a strange man, Muzrah,’ he said, as I reclined near him upon the soft cushions to which he had invited me. ‘You must endeavour to forget my churlish manner two days ago; but truly I was indignant, for never, until you did so, have I been threatened with violence in the streets of the city. Assuredly you have a bold heart, which would stand you in good stead in a great adventure.’

"I looked at Housa in surprise, wondering to what his conversation would lead.

"‘Have you ever been in El-Medinah?’ he asked, pausing to see what effect upon me his question had.

"‘Why do you, a Hebrew, to whom the city is an abomination, desire to know?’ I said dubiously, for much I mistrusted him.

"‘Answer me yes or no, and then I will tell you,’ he replied, with a strange smile upon his face.

"‘I have,’ I responded. ‘You who are not a Mohammedan may not know that even children perform the *haji*, or “Pilgrimage”; but such is the case, although when they reach full age it usually happens that they go again. The route by which I went as a boy passed through El-Medinah to Mecca, and so we visited Mohammed’s tomb there.’

"‘Ha!’ he exclaimed, as if much pleased with the answer I had given, ‘so you have seen the Prophet’s tomb! Tell me, Muzrah, have you a good recollection of what you saw there in your childhood?’ He leant forward, as if to catch every syllable of my answer as I responded.

"‘My age then was fifteen years, and at that period of life impressions so received last long. When again I perform the pilgrimage my steps will be turned towards El-Medinah again, for I long to see the Prophet’s mosque again.’

"‘You are, indeed, a worthy follower of Mohammed,’ he continued; but I thought that I could detect a tone of insincerity in his words, for it seemed unaccountable to me that a Hebrew should speak in such terms of one whom, so recently, he had thrust into the street.

"‘Little do you know of the Prophet’s tomb, or of what may be seen there,’ I replied, ‘for the unbeliever who ventured there would be discovered and cut down instantly: none but the faithful have seen it. I venture to assert that you are unable to describe what is to be seen there.’

Ben Housa was silent for a minute, then answered:

"‘You are wrong, Muzrah; for once a pilgrim who was pressed with debt, after his return, narrated to me what his eyes had rested upon, for not otherwise would he have obtained from me the loan he needed so badly.’

"‘There is no need to boast of such a deed,’ I exclaimed hotly. ‘Yet to you, no doubt, the poverty of another is a golden opportunity.’

"He smiled at me as he replied: ‘You speak wisely, Muzrah, for poverty may place a golden opportunity in your own way.’

"‘I don’t understand,’ I cried; ‘speak not in riddles; if you have any motive in questioning me concerning El-Medinah,

make your meaning plain, or I will depart,' and I rose to go.

"He smiled again, then said quietly :

"Behind a wondrous curtain, with an iron grating surrounding it, is a box of ebony covered with elaborately chased silver plates ——"

"You are describing that in which Mohammed was interred," I interrupted in astonishment.

"My information, then, was correct, after all," said Housa, his dark eyes lighting up with satisfaction. "It is the curtain before it which interests me most, however. Since you have seen, listen and judge of the correctness of the description given to me of it. Glancing through a small aperture, one's eyes are at first dazzled by the light which is suddenly seen. Growing accustomed to this, there meets the gaze of the true believer a brilliant star of diamonds surrounded by a number of large pearls; this treasure being affixed to the curtain. Do I speak accurately?" he asked, stopping for my answer.

"Yes," I replied. "Yet I would that the false one who told you of this had died of famine rather than have spoken of the glorious pearls to a Hebrew; yet in spite of the lust which such have for them, the Prophet's treasure shall remain at El-Medinah always."

"Housa laughed harshly and mockingly as he went on :

"You said just now that poverty brings a golden opportunity," misquoting my words; "now Muzrah—honest, unimpeachable—you, who ventured to meet my daughter under the midnight stars, now your opportunity has come, for, to win my consent, you shall go to El-Medinah and bring me back one of the pearls which adorn the sacred curtain.

"Shall go," I cried, furious at the

thought of the crime to which he wished to goad me. "You ask me, a Mohammedan, to plunder that tomb and bring back the plunder to you. In the name of the Prophet I answer, NO!"

"We started to our feet together and stood facing each other: I, with a great desire to slay the tempter, glancing at him with eyes that showed the depths to which my soul was stirred—he, with his head bent slightly forward, watching me, with the hateful smile still upon his face. How he had discovered the assignation I could not tell, but I feared his knowledge of it boded little good to Leah.

"Honest Muzrah," he continued, as if bent on rousing all the worst of my passions. "Is it so great a crime to plunder a tomb of a pearl, when you have secretly robbed a father of his child's love and made it your own?"

"For Leah's sake I again tried to control my anger, and clenched my twitching fingers lest they should twine about the Hebrew's throat. 'Why should we taunt each other so?' I cried. 'Mine was the fault, if to love thy daughter be one, seeing that after her glances met mine I could do nothing else. Blame her not; reflect that he who is

before you was once a prince in fortune as in title even now. Before I go from your presence, tell me, if I was still as rich as before, and gave you half my wealth, would you bestow your daughter's hand upon me in marriage?"

"Muzrah," he answered, "you ask a strange question, and still bear yourself with the mien of a prince, although you are a beggar. Do you know what this is?" and he held out to my bewildered eyes the parchment which I had thrust into Leah's hand when I simulated weakness and so brought her first into the apartment.



SHE PASSED FROM MY VIEW.

"The parchment!" I cried. "Have you dared to take from her the only love message that ever passed between us, unhappy lovers that we are?"

"Even so," the Hebrew replied. "Listen. When Leah passed down the staircase that night, my door was partly open. I had no great desire to sleep when I retired: perhaps your treachery was foreboded to me—at all events, I was awake and clad. I followed her, therefore, to where you stood in the shadow of the mosque, and neither of you knew that I came and went, although once I thrust at you from behind with my dagger, but wiser thoughts prevailed, and I drew the weapon back just as it was about to pierce you. So I waited

and watched till Leah returned and entered her room, where I saw her take from her bosom something upon which she pressed her lips, and I wondered what token of love a Mohammedan could give her. When at last sleep closed her eyelids, I entered her room and, moving softly to where she lay, and stooping over her, my fingers touched the parchment. Now, take heed of what I have to say. Remember that my daughter is solely in my power, and that in Morocco, where the laws are lax, a parent may punish disobedience so that the offender lives not long to repeat the misdeed. Will you now agree to bring me the pearl?"

"Will you give me Leah in marriage if you receive a pearl such as that of which you speak?" I asked.

"So you are willing after all to risk eternal happiness by plundering the Prophet's tomb of this pearl in order to obtain her," he exclaimed; "even so far you will offend simply for the love of a woman's dark eyes?"

"Answer me," I cried. "Your daughter for the pearl?—man of greed, speak!"

"I promise you the hand of Leah in marriage if you bring me the pearl within one year of this day," he responded; but from his glances I judged that if I perished



WITH A GREAT DESIRE TO SLAY THE TEMPTER.

in such a mad and lawless enterprise his heart would be rejoiced.

"Tell me," I continued, "have you any plan to propose by which I may secure the pearl? You know how carefully the tomb is guarded." He explained in a few brief sentences his scheme, which in language seemed easy enough to carry out, while in reality there was little hope or chance for its success. I pressed him to summon Leah into his presence, that she might hear the promise he had made. He objected to this at first, but eventually yielded, and his daughter was brought into the apartment.

"Leah," I ventured to say, "your parent has need of my services in securing for him a valuable pearl, which is at present in Arabia. If I succeed in obtaining it, he promises that you shall be my bride." Housa's daughter murmured a few words of gratitude to him for his unexpected consent, and was then bidden to leave us.

"I shall not fail to return with the pearl," I said to the Hebrew when we were alone once more; and, bowing low to him, I departed to carry out my purpose.

III.

"ON the next day I set forth from Tangier, having already disposed of my possessions to make my poverty seem real, although I carried a large sum with me. Beyond Egypt I did not go; but, visiting Cairo, I sought out one of whom I had heard, and commissioned him to procure me a pearl, if such could be obtained, of the size I needed. Many visits I paid to his bazaar, and at last the purchase was concluded. So rare was the pearl in hue and great in size, that my wealth was almost all expended in its purchase; then, following the advice which my friend had given, whom I consulted before leaving

Tangier, I concealed the pearl by a stratagem which I had learnt, of which you shall hear when my story is concluded.

"After many months' absence, I returned to Housa once more, and entered his dwelling. He refused to see me that day, and appointed a fixed hour on the next, when accordingly I presented myself. His eyes sparkled with pleasure as he looked upon my garments stained with travel, and saw that I walked like one who had been wearied and dispirited with an unsuccessful journey.

"So you have returned," he said; "and I suppose without having obtained the pearl."

"You are wrong," I answered, "for I have in my possession a most valuable pearl."

"He struck a curious gong upon the wall of the apartment, in response to which three of the soldier-police of Tangier entered and seized me from behind. The Mohammedan acknowledges that he has the pearl upon him of which I told you. He expressed his intention to me to plunder the tomb of Mohammed, as you have already heard."

"The chief of the men who had seized me asked: 'Have you a pearl in your possession?'"

"I answered in the affirmative.

"You hear him," said Housa; "he owns to the theft; take him from my presence." I was forced along in spite of my struggles and attempts to explain, until the dreadful prison of Tangier was reached, into which I was thrust, and where I remained without trial among a number of most miserable prisoners. I implored to be tried, but the only answer I could obtain was that the pearl must first be given up, which, after repeated searchings, they had been unable to find upon me. This I refused to do, since it represented almost all my wealth, and soon after I was removed to a stone dungeon without trial, where I was to remain until I obeyed the Sultan's command. A few rays of light which struggled through the bars were scarcely able to dispel the gloom which surrounded me. Upon the flags of the dungeon was strewn a little straw, which deadened the clank of the chain around my ankles. My hands were fettered, too, and I could not move them more than a few inches from each other, as I clutched the miserable fare daily thrust through the bars to me, or drank the

muddy water beside me, which my gaoler renewed only at long intervals. At times I threw myself upon the straw sullenly, sometimes I grew childish and played with my heavy chains, but mostly my spirit was racked with the thought of the success of the Hebrew's plot, so that I rose and dashed my shackles furiously upon the stone walls.

"Lying exhausted upon the rustling straw, after one of my fits of frenzy, I saw the door of my prison open and someone enter bearing a torch, followed by two others. They approached me, and, removing my chains, bade me go with them into the presence of the Sultan, for at last my trial had been determined upon, even though I had kept my secret of the whereabouts of the pearl.

"As I entered the august presence, I saw that Housa, my accuser, was already there, and from the smile of scorn, with which he greeted me, I understood that his accusation had received credence.

"Muzrah," began the one who was my gaoler, after all had duly prostrated themselves to the Sultan, "Housa, your accuser, declares that you have a valuable pearl in your possession obtained dishonestly. What answer have you to make to the charge?"

"I have a pearl in my possession



DASHED MY SHACKLES UPON THE WALLS.

which was not obtained dishonestly,' I replied.

"How is this?" asked the Sultan. "Why have you not yet taken the ill-gotten thing from the man?" The gaoler responded that, although I had been searched repeatedly, the pearl could not be found upon me.

"The pearl was stolen from the curtain before Mohammed's tomb," added Housa, when the other had given his explanation. I bent low before the Sultan and answered:

"I have been imprisoned with t trial for a long time; if that were so, then the news of its loss would surely have reached Tangier by this time."

"Stay," said the Sultan. "We can soon settle that as right or wrong. The Prophet's tomb is at El-Medinah, and some pilgrims went there on their way to Mecca, who are now in the city." He gave a command to one of the Moors about him, who left the Sultan's presence, returning shortly with a man of high rank in Tangier.

"You have visited El-Medinah?" the Sultan asked.

"Less than four months ago, your highness," answered the Moor.

"Did you hear of any act of spoliation having taken place at the Prophet's tomb?" The Moor stared in astonishment, while Housa looked correspondingly crestfallen, as he answered:

"No one, at any time, has dared to touch the treasures there; that I can vouch for by the holy Koran."

"The Sultan was evidently puzzled; then I obtained permission to tell the whole story, which I did in as clear a manner as possible.

"Then you love the daughter of Housa?" asked the Sultan, "and have been put to such straits as these in order to obtain her?"

"That is indeed true," I answered.

"Where is the pearl?" asked the Sultan.

"Your Majesty," I responded, "if you will grant me two requests I will tell you."

"You are a man of great spirit to dare ask such a question of me, but I know the princely line from which you spring. If you consent to be searched again before me, and the pearl is not found, yet after that you can show that it is really upon you, I will grant your requests. What are they?"

"I will name them after the search has been made," I replied.

"At a motion from the Sultan I was taken aside and underwent a minute examination, but my secret was undiscovered. Again I was taken into the Sultan's presence. He seemed considerably interested, and asked:

"Tell me what your two requests are?"

"One is that Housa, my accuser, be compelled to give me his daughter in marriage."

"And the second?"

"That since his daughter is to become my bride, Housa be pardoned for his crime of tempting me to rob Mohammed's tomb."

"Your first condition I accept; the second is, I fear, impossible."

"At that moment Leah, whose name I had mentioned to the Sultan in my account, was conducted into his presence, and hearing my request, added her prayers and entreaties, so that at last my desire was granted.

"Produce the pearl and I will keep my word," said the Sultan.

"Give me a dagger," I said, turning to the nearest Moor. He held it out to me, and, taking it in the right hand, I bared my left arm.

"What are you about to do?" asked the Sultan in astonishment.

"For reply I drew the dagger along a scar there, and a moment after there fell from the wound which I had made, something which rolled upon the rich carpet. I carelessly bound up my arm, and stooping down picked up the bloodstained pearl!"

"My arm will soon heal," I said quietly. "The stratagem which I adopted to secure the treasure is one peculiar to the Wahees from whom, years ago, I chanced to learn it." The pearl was thrown into a crystal cup of water and afterwards passed to the Sultan to examine.

"It is magnificent in hue," he cried. "What price did the merchant obtain from you for it?" I hesitated to name the sum but at last did so.

"The pearl shall not leave my palace," said the Sultan. "Within an hour the money shall be in your possession," and the promise was duly kept.

"Go now, take Leah thy bride, and when next you enter my palace you shall see the pearl, which has been hidden so long, adorning the front of my turban."

Again I prostrated myself and left the palace, walking with Leah and Ben Housa.

"'I have been sorely punished for trying to keep you apart,' said the latter; and the worst part of my chastisement is that you have saved me from the vengeance of the Sultan."

"'Let us forget the past,' I cried; and in token of it we clasped each other's hand."

"Then it was that I vowed this pilgrimage;



I BARED MY LEFT ARM.

for by the aid of Allah and the Prophet my fate has been a happy one, since Leah soon after that became my bride."

"Well," said the supposed sheik, as the Moor finished his story. "Your vow of pilgrimage was well taken; may you reach fair Tangier and Leah in safety. Allah guide and prosper you."

The pilgrims embraced in Oriental fashion, and, leaving the barber's booth, departed each on his own journey homeward.

A Tour on the Continent.

(Completed.)

OUR next scene was Rome, and it is needless to say we looked forward with eagerness to our visit to the eternal city. We left Florence and passed through Chiusi, the ancient Clusium, one of the twelve Etruscan cities which waged war against ancient Rome. Here Porsena lived. No doubt my readers will remember the opening lines in Macaulay's "Horatius":

"Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore," etc.

A very fine museum of Roman and Etruscan antiquities is to be found here; but, as we did not stop, we could not visit it. Porsena's tomb is also supposed to be here. Pliny, in his writings, mentions it.

Passing through Orvieto, a large town, we entered the valley of the Tiber. How full of interest the whole journey was: every town, every village teeming with historical reminiscences. Farther on we passed the ancient town of Cures, in the

Sabine country. Here Numa Pompilius first saw the light of day. Now we get a glimpse of Rome in the distance, the dome of St. Peter's being distinctly visible; again it appears, this time to remain. We make a long detour round the city, and eventually we arrive—we are at last in Rome! Rome, the city on the seven hills, what memories thou callest forth. Scene after scene of ancient history passes before our mind's eye. Our Livy, our Cicero, our Cæsar, our Sallust, our school-boy and college days, all are with us once more. The names of Servius, Tarquin, Agrippa, Appius Claudius, Clodius, Augustus, Flavius, Antonius, Brutus, Cæsar, all have their places in thy history. Romulus and Remus may have been a mythological tale, but thy present beauties and sights are linked together with the glorious names and memories of thy never-to-be-forgotten past.

Our first visit was to St. Peter's, where we witnessed the celebration of High Mass.

There was a great crowd of bishops and priests, with attendant acolytes, and a full surpliced choir, but a very poor and meagre congregation, and these, for the most part, of the poorest class. The crowd of sight-seers stood outside and at the threshold of the doors, and looked on while the congregation came and went. There was the usual restless movement of the priests and



ST. PETER'S, ROME.

attendant deacons and acolytes, from one side of the altar to the other; the constant changes of position, the frequent turning and bowing, which make the Romish ritual such a contrast to the quiet peacefulness of the Protestant service. I did not care for the singing: two men, with falsetto voices, did duty as soprano and alto. At the end of the service there was a splendid procession, first of men in cassocks of red, then others dressed in purple, with white surplices edged with lovely lace, then bishops in purple with deep mantles, and finally the three officiating priests in white satin and gold vestments, walking under a canopy.

It was a sorrowful day for the Romish Church, for it was the anniversary of the marriage of Rome to Italy, and the houses bore flags, while in the evening the squares were filled with excited throngs, listening to the bands playing Garibaldi's hymn. We went to the Piazza Colonna, where a very fine band plays, and the sight was impressive. The people were packed together round the elevated bandstand, and



THE COLOSSEUM, ROME.

when Garibaldi's hymn was played, the cheering was so loud and continuous that it, the hymn, was repeated, the bandsmen seeming to be as much carried away by enthusiasm as the people.

I shall not try to describe St. Peter's. It is magnificent, and its noble dome is a wonder. There is an astonishing amount of gilding, fresco painting, inlaid work and statuary inside, some of the latter, by Canova, being masterpieces, while a great portion is very mediocre. There is a great



CLOISTERS OF ST PAUL'S, ROME.

want of stained glass, which makes the building look bare and cold. Under the centre of the dome stands a circular open crypt, called the Confessio, with the figure of a kneeling Pope, and round this there are eighty-nine brass lamps, made in the form of branches and flowers. These detract very much from the beauty of the enclosure: they are kept perpetually alight. Just beside these rises a lofty bronze canopy, very massive and ornate, but tasteless, supported on four bronze pillars, the material for which was taken

Peter's wooden chair. Everything is on the most massive scale and highly ornamented, but not in a style to please an English taste. The dome is the most striking feature, and is very effectively decorated with both mosaics and frescoes. The *tout ensemble* is magnificent, and the mind is deeply impressed by the splendour of the whole edifice, the cost of which must have been enormous. The ascent of the dome rewards you with a very fine view of the gardens and buildings of the Vatican, which adjoin St. Peter's. The



INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S, ROME.

by one of the Popes from the Pantheon. Under the canopy is an altar built over the tomb of St. Peter. Close by, at the right end of the nave, just at the entrance to the choir, stands the famous bronze statue of St. Peter, dating back to the fifth century. It represents the apostle in a sitting posture, with the right foot advanced, and this is the foot which is kissed by the faithful, and with so much devotion that the toes are quite worn away. Behind the High Altar stands the Tribune, where there is another massive work in bronze—a throne enclosing St.

cathedral is shown to great advantage by having a large circular piazza, containing fountains, before it. This piazza has two semicircular colonnades on the sides, which lead up direct to St. Peter's. We spent the whole forenoon in this grand building, and felt much rewarded for the care with which we examined it. We spent the afternoon at the Colosseum, the Palatine Hill and the Forum Romanum. I cannot find words to express the solemn feelings with which I approached these spots, so deeply and intimately connected with all the past history of the Roman

people. All the old legends and tales and poems came thronging around me, and I went from one place of interest to another, feeling that I was treading on holy ground.

Very fortunately for us we engaged a guide, and he proved a perfect treasure. A quaint old man, with a surprising knowledge of his subject, strong opinions of his own on religion and politics and a great admiration for Rome, ancient and modern, but not the Rome of the Papal power. When he saw we knew something of our history and took an intelligent interest in all we saw, he waxed eloquent. He drew us a careful plan of Rome, in each of its stages, and at one point he stopped us and said: "Look around you; you see four Romes. This, where we stand, that of the power of the sword, material power; the second (pointing to the catacombs), that of the power of love; the third, to which I shut my eyes, ecclesiastical Rome, ruled by spiritual tyranny, ideal power; and the fourth, the 'baby Rome,' just beginning to walk alone, and full of promise for the future." He was most bitter against the Papacy, as, indeed, I found many Italians, and he told us that the greatest enemy to all the old monuments in Rome was the Church, which had carried away columns, bronzes, material of all kinds to build up the different churches. He showed us various spots famous in tradition, but always warned us that we were not obliged to believe them unless we liked. He expressed the greatest admiration for "Shakespeare," from whom he actually quoted! But he said the bard was wrong in one fact concern-

ing Cæsar's death, which he had made take place in a wrong locality.

It was most interesting to go from one place to another, tracing the several palaces, of which there are five or six, and afterwards into the Forum, from one temple to another. We saw the monument of a Vestal virgin, who had her name erased because she had broken her vows, a very suggestive sight. We stood at the foot of the pulpit from which Mark Antony delivered his famous oration:—

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones," etc.

We conjured up the bleeding body of Cæsar and the clamorous throng of citizens swaying backwards and forwards, as moved by Mark Antony's appeal.

We saw where the stern Brutus condemned his sons to death; where the chaste Lucretia's body had been shown to the people, and also the place where poor Virginia lost her innocent life. Once more Macaulay's picture passed before my mind, Virginius grasping his daughter, Virginia, by the one hand, while he held



CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME.

aloft in the other hand a butcher's cleaver :

" ' And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this.'
With that he lifted high the steel and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob, she died."

We passed along the Via Sacra, reserved for the progress of the triumphant general, and here our guide slyly said to me, "Caractacus found this a Via Dolorosa." Clever old man!

The Castello Angello was originally the tomb of the Emperor Hadrian. Some four hundred years after, when the Goths attacked Rome, the Romans converted this mausoleum into a fortress. Pope

Gregory the Great is said to have seen the Archangel Michael here. There are several dungeons, and among many prisoners said to have been incarcerated here I may mention Cagliostro and Cellini.

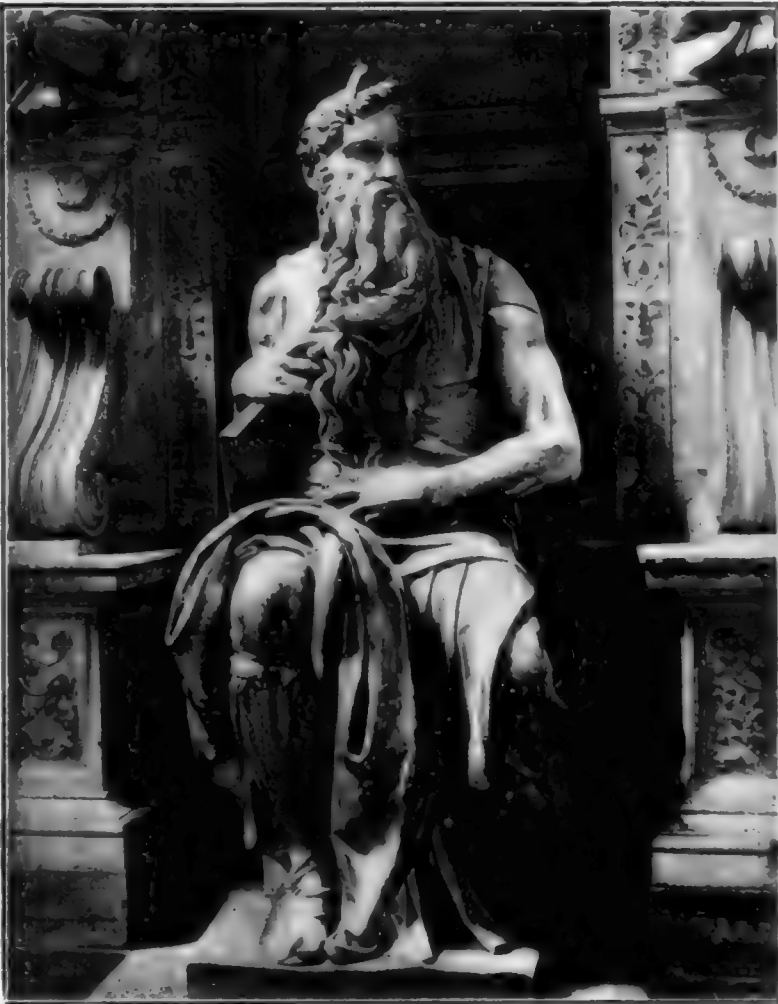
The memories which cling round the Colosseum are of quite another nature. It is a grand ruin, and is especially impressive by moonlight. This was originally the Amphitheatrum Florium, and is still one of the most imposing structures in the world. It was finished by the Emperor Titus more than one thousand eight hundred years ago. The opening ceremonies consisted of gladiatorial combats and chariot races, etc. The

festivities lasted over three months, and during this period five thousand animals were killed. The seating accommodation was tolerably large, some eighty-seven thousand people finding room at one time. It was in the eighth century its name was changed to the Colosseum, which then contained a colossal statue of Nero. In what is still preserved can be seen very excellent specimens of the three orders of pillars, viz, Corinthian, Doric and Ionic. Prophets in the eighth century prophesied thus:

"While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand,
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls, with it shall fall the world."

From the top of the Palatine we looked down on the Palace of Septimus Seve-

rus, on the Circus Maximus, where once the great games and equestrian shows took place; it is now covered with gasometers, and is an unpleasantly smelling place. From the same elevated spot we saw the far-stretching ruins of imperial Rome, the baths of Caracalla, the aqueduct of Claudius, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and among them the Catacombs, the refuge of the persecuted Christians under the Cæsars.



THE HORNED MOSES.

Our next visit was to the Church of St. Peter in Vincole, the two most interesting facts connected with which are the possession of St. Peter's chains and the renowned statue of the horned Moses.

The statue stands at the end of the right aisle, and is part of the monument of Julius II. The drapery is especially remarkable. The face does not agree with my conception of the "man Moses," nor does the mouth seem to me to be expressive of the

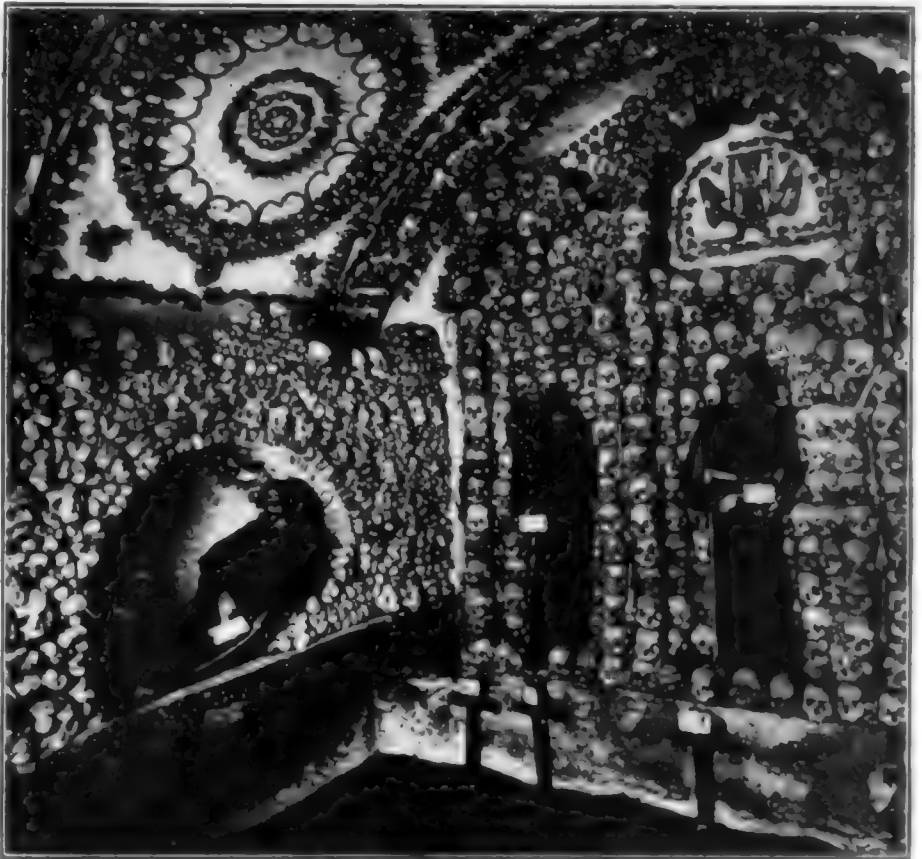
meekness which was his chief characteristic, and I object to the length of his beard. It is very audacious of me to criticise such a masterpiece, but in doing so I am only trying to unfold to you, my reader, the ideas which passed through my mind. The church of St. John's Lateran is the principal church in Rome, after the time of Constantine the Great. It contains a most beautiful canopy in the centre, under which rest the relics of many saints, including the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul, and having built into its altar an old table, said to have been used as an altar by St. Peter. At the high altar, in this church, no one but the Pope himself celebrates high mass. Adjoining is the Lateran museum, where, in what was for long a residence of the Popes, is gathered



THE SACRED STEPS.

together a very fine collection of sculptures, including some sarcophagi in a very beautiful state of preservation. Here also is the statue of Sophocles, which is considered one of the most beautiful portrait statues in existence, and is so highly

valued that its pedestal is arranged to turn on a pivot, so that all parts may be carefully studied. From the Museum to the Baptistery was only a few steps, and we entered with interest what is said to have served as the model for all subsequent Baptisteries. Constantine the Great



THE CHAMBER OF SKULLS.

is said to have been baptised here by Pope Sylvester. The building is octagonal; and the roof is supported by large columns of porphyry, the gift of Constantine. On the right is the Oratory of St. John the Baptist, into which no woman is allowed to obtrude her unhallowed foot, because, said the smiling sacristan, "the Saint lost his life through a woman's hatred." The doors of this oratory are bronze, and, as they move stiffly in their marble settings, they give forth a musical sound, going through the common chord; the peculiar thing being that the pitch of one door is an octave higher than the other. Our last visit in the neighbourhood was to the Scala Santa, or Sacred Steps, said to have been trodden by our Saviour when He went up to the Palace of Pilate at Jerusalem. These steps, twenty-eight in number, and of white marble, were brought here by the Empress Helena, and are only to be ascended on the knees. The steps have been so worn away during fifteen hundred years that they are now protected by a covering of wood, through openings of which the marble can be seen. As I stood looking up these stairs, up which an old white-headed woman was with great difficulty making her way, kissing each step as she went, I seemed to see a monkish figure doing the same thing, and, suddenly, in the midst of his self-imposed task starting up and abandoning it; for it was here, while so engaged, that Luther said he heard a voice saying to him: "The just shall live by Faith," and that he gave up the thought of salvation by works. The sight of these places seemed to give life to what was before only an idea. Before coming to these interesting and revered places we had visited the Pantheon, the most perfectly-preserved of all Rome's ancient monuments, which, though shorn of much of its pristine beauty, is still a grand and noble relic of the past. In it lie its founder, M. Agrippa and Victor Emmanuel, the uniter of his country; and here also rests Raphael as well as several other artists. After visiting the Thermæ (baths) of Caracalla, now a ruin, but enough of which remains to show how magnificent they must have been, we went to the Catacombs of St. Callistus, a very different scene; for these dark and dreary vaults were not only the last resting-place of the persecuted Christians, but were also their cities of refuge during their lives. They are now under the care of the Monks of La Trappe,

whose rule of silence is here in abeyance. The catacombs are simply narrow passages hewn out of the rock, opening every here and there into rooms, which not only served as chapels, but also as family burial vaults. It was saddening to think of people living in these gloomy shades shut out from the light of day. Over a million bodies were buried here.

In the Vatican we saw many fine pictures and frescoes and works of art by Raphael, Michael Angelo, etc. In the Capitoline Museum we saw the "Dying Gladiator," a replica of which we saw in Paris. Another statue of great beauty was the Capitoline Venus, discovered in almost perfect preservation. Leaving this museum, we went to two churches, that of St. Maria Maggiore and St. Paolo fuori le Mura. In the former is said to be preserved five boards from the manger at Bethlehem. It is one of the oldest churches in Christendom. It contains a picture of the Virgin, painted by St. Luke on a board, and the body of St. Matthew. Over the entrance to this church stands the Loggia, from which the Pope used annually to pronounce the benediction on the 15th of August (Fête of the Assumption). A long drive brought us to the church of St. Paolo. Here are many objects of interest. Medallion portraits in mosaic of the Popes are to be seen. The canopy over the altar rests on four beautiful yellow and white alabaster pillars, presented by the Khedive of Egypt, with bases of malachite, the gift of the Emperor of Russia. Much interest attaches to one of the side chapels, of which there are four, for at its altar Ignatius Loyola and his followers took their vows, so this may be regarded as the cradle of that powerful order, the Jesuits.

Our last morning in Rome was spent in the Pincio, "the hill of gardens," from which a most perfect view of Rome and its surroundings may be obtained. Here stood the garden of Lucullus, associated with the orgies of the infamous Messalina, and on its slopes at the present day stand the Villa Borghese and Villa de' Medici. Close beside the Pincio is the church of St. Maria del Popolo, on the site of the burial place of Nero. Besides many fine pictures, mosaics, stained glass and monuments, this church contains a chapel in honour of St. Mary of Loretto, constructed under Raphael's direction. Not far from it stands the Augustine monastery, in

which Luther lodged during his stay in Rome.

We went on from Rome to Naples and after an interminable drive we got to our hotel. The Metropole is a perfectly beautiful situation facing the sea, with a good view of Vesuvius at one side. We were out early next morning, to get tickets for both Vesuvius and Pompeii, and here began the worry with the cabbies. We were followed everywhere by these men, who importuned us to take their vehicles, and it was perfectly useless saying "No," for

they persisted until they saw us safely seated in a carriage at the hotel, and then only did they leave us. Away we went up to the mountain railway, the Funicolare, which now belongs to Messrs. Cook and Son. We had a good, intelligent driver, who spoke French, and explained to us what were the objects we saw along the way. Driving through the streets as we did, we were able to study the manners and customs of the Neapolitans in their homes, and I can say, with the traveller of old, "manners they have none, and their customs are most objectionable." I never saw anything to equal the dirt and squalor of the streets and their inhabitants. With a frankness, which may be charming to the student of human nature, but is rather appalling to a weak-minded passer-by, the Neapolitan carries on all the operations of domestic life in the streets. Women perform their own toilet and that of their children on the pavement; food is cooked and eaten, the family washing, not over clean or too fastidiously whole, is suspended from lines stretched across the fronts of the houses,



FOUNTAIN OF TREVI.

from balconies and even along the pathway; various trades are carried on, as boot-making and cobbling. The vendors of fruit, fish and vegetables all have their barrows in the street, and as the refuse and garbage are all thrown down into the street, the smell becomes intolerable as the day goes on. On all sides one is pestered by beggars and sellers of useless and trumpery curiosities, who refuse to believe you *can* be in earnest in refusing their wares. Everyone is glad to get out of Naples,

for the people are most dishonest and treacherous, and, indeed, I have never seen a more villainous-looking set.

We enjoyed the drive up Vesuvius exceedingly. It lasted four hours, the road winding gradually up till we reached the wide stretches of lava, and after a toilsome drag among them, the railway.

The slopes were clothed with vines trained over trellis work, from which hung bunches of purple grapes in rich clusters. From these the famous "Lacrima Christi" wine is made. The soil is entirely volcanic, and is of marvellous fertility. Our driver showed us the track taken by the lava in successive eruptions, and it was astonishing to see how far the molten rock had flowed and what an extent of country was covered with it. We had a good view of the bay and towns built along its shores, which constitute the chief charm of Naples. It was long past mid-day before we reached the railway, which carries one to within one hundred and fifty yards of the active cone of the volcano. After a lunch, which we much needed, we got into the railway car,

and were drawn up by a wire rope worked over drums. One carriage came down and the other ascended at the same time, and when we were midway, we both stopped, and the passengers changed cars, ours descending while we went up in that of the other visitors. At the top we had a scramble over very soft, yielding, black sand, from which clouds of dust arose. Men with straps over their shoulders offered us their assistance, but we declined, nor could we be persuaded to take a porte-chaise, much to the bearer's disgust. We walked across the late crater, from which steam and hot air were issuing in various parts, and so on to the active cone, into the crater of which we tried to look, but could not, for the clouds of blinding white steam and sulphurous smoke which came forth. (We dared not go too near, for the brink is very treacherous; and only last year a tourist lost his life from the edge giving way and precipitating him into the depths below. In many places the ground was covered with incrustations of sulphur, and from the many cracks came a peculiar hissing sound as of escaping steam or rushing water. The view from the top was most extensive, and we were able to distinguish Pompeii at our feet, far away in the distance. On our way to Vesuvius we turned aside to see Herculaneum, over which stand two cities, Resina and Portici, and it is the existence of these cities which makes it impossible to remove the lava with which the city was overwhelmed. It was nightfall ere we returned from our wanderings.

The next morning we rose early to catch the train to Pompeii. The run is along the sea-coast, and is very enjoyable

in the early morning. When we reached the ruined city we found a very large company, all eager to explore.

It was a strange and new sensation to walk through the deserted streets, with their roofless and ruined houses, temples and market-places. The streets were all paved with blocks of lava, and were crossed at intervals by large, round stepping-stones. Between these could be seen the deep ruts worn by the chariot wheels as they were roughly drawn along the uneven streets, which must have been water-courses as well in the rainy weather. In the days of its splendour, Pompeii must have been a gay and brilliant city, for the frescoes and mosaics and statues preserved in the

Museum at Naples, show how lovely were the decorations with which the wealthy Romans and Neapolitans loved to adorn their country houses. All houses of importance were built on the same plan. A vestibule, or entrance, led into an uncovered atrium, in the



AMPHITHEATRE, POMPEII.

centre of which stood a pond, and round which were arranged the men's sleeping rooms. From the atrium, and facing the vestibule, led the tablinum, or men's sitting-room and the dining-room; behind these stood the garden, with its fountain, statues and trees, enclosed by a covered verandah, called the peristyle, into which all the women's bedrooms opened. In all the rooms the floors were paved with mosaic, and the walls were covered with plaster, either black or deep red, though green, yellow and other colours were used, polished to imitate marble, and upon these were painted various pictures, such as Bacchantes dancing, the Muses, or other women and goddesses, with flying and

diaphanous drapery, some almost nude, some draped. There were also scenes from mythology and the most dainty and attractive paintings and mosaics of birds, animals, fruits, etc. The mosaics were very fine and very superior to most that I have seen in the churches of later workmanship. Some of the paintings were coarse, both in subject and execution, and all showed how licentious the age was. The mosaics of the floor were of a coarser workmanship, as might have been expected. At some of the doors were "avete," "cave canem," with a dog or else a bear, while the mosaics of the dining-rooms were made to imitate a floor strewn with remains from the table, the bones of fowls, heads of shrimps and fish, leaves of salad, etc. The doors were mostly sliding ones, which moved in deep grooves in the stone which formed the threshold. There were no windows in our sense of the word, but some of the roofs that remain (as in the baths) are pierced by a circular opening, which slants in under the roof. In all the gardens statues were found, of both marble and bronze. As we stood at the theatre and looked up, we could easily understand how the destruction had come about. The eruption was from the peak called Mount Somma, which at the present day is lower than Vesuvius. There is a great deal of suppressed activity in the latter, for the day we made our ascent there was a steady flow of lava from one of the fissures half-way down the mountain. On returning from Pompeii, we went to the Museum, where we fully realised, from the inspection of the treasures contained there, how beautiful the buried city must have been.

Naples was the most curious of all the towns we saw: it was quite usual to see three horses yoked together; then, again, horses

and oxen were to be seen drawing the same equipage, and mules and donkeys were similarly employed. The Neapolitan horses were miserable creatures, thin and badly kept; indeed, the people seemed too lazy for anything so prosaic as looking after their animals. After seeing (and smelling) Naples, a new and terrible meaning is given to the proverb, "Vidi Napoli e mori," for surely few could hope to survive a prolonged residence in that filthy town.

In Rome are to be seen monuments to the last three Stuarts. James III., Charles III. and Henry IX, as well as one to the young Pretender's wife. Keats and the heart of Shelley are both buried in Rome.

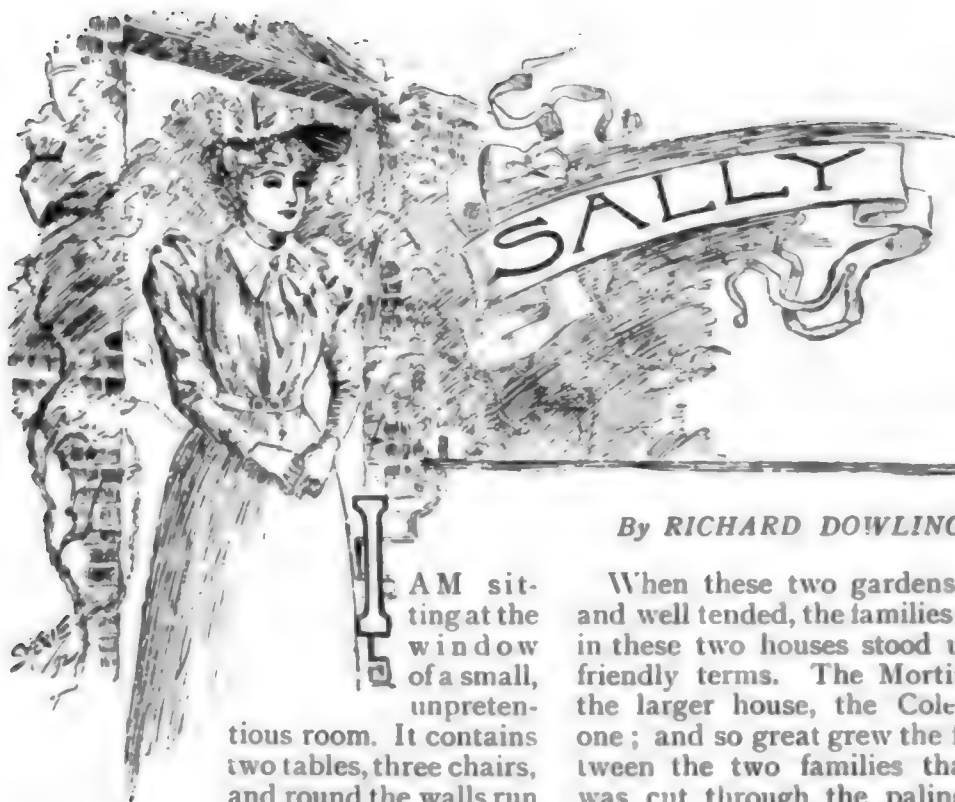
One of the curiosities at Rome is the buried vaults of the Capuchin monks. There are five small rooms, one of which is used as a Chapel, and around these are arranged in patterns, the bones of long since departed brethren. The picture depicts the chamber of heads; in some of the others, quite pretty effects are obtained by arranging the ribs, femurs, etc. in floral patterns. This seems to have been a common practice with the Capuchins, for there are similar chambers at Naples. The country south of Rome, between that city and Naples, seemed wonderfully fertile and well cultivated; we passed through miles of vines trained up poles, as hops are in Kent, and we saw regular plantations of olives, chestnuts, etc.

Everything must have an end and my wanderings also; here I turned, homeward-bound once more for busy London. If my notes and descriptions of scenes and places have afforded any one of my readers one tithe of the pleasure I derived from seeing the sights, then, indeed, I shall not have taken up my pen in vain, to write "A Tour on the Continent."

EPHATHA.



POMPEIAN POTTERY.



By RICHARD DOWLING.

I AM sitting at the window of a small, unpretentious room. It contains two tables, three chairs, and round the walls run shelves, on which lies a collection of books of no great value. The floor is stained oak colour; a sober green paper covers the four walls. A green holland blind shuts out the window, for it is night. A fire burns in the grate, a shaded lamp upon the table. All the household except myself is asleep. The mistress, the little ones and the servants have gone to bed long ago.

If I raised the green holland blind at my elbow, and put out the gas, I could see dimly what lies beyond the window. But I have looked out of this window many times, and know all that may now be seen, and much connected with that place which never can be seen again.

There is nothing very striking abroad; merely the small garden at the rear of this small suburban London house, and at the other side of a wooden paling the larger garden of a larger London suburban house backing it.

The house behind is idle. No one has lived in it for years. The gardens of both houses have fallen into decay; one because there is no one to look after it, and the other because the person who ought to look after it is indifferent—or worse. Any neighbour who has lived within view for a few years will be able to tell you that these two gardens were at one time as carefully kept as the best within twenty miles of St. Paul's.

When these two gardens were orderly and well tended, the families then dwelling in these two houses stood upon the most friendly terms. The Mortimers lived in the larger house, the Colemans in this one; and so great grew the friendship between the two families that a doorway was cut through the paling, and a door fitted into it, so that the two families might have uninterrupted intercourse with one another.

At that time the family of William Mortimer consisted of himself, his wife, and his only child—Alice; the family of John Coleman, of himself, his wife and only child—Sally. Both girls were of about the same age. The elder people were more than friendly neighbours, they behaved towards one another as cordial familiars. But the chief bond between the two houses consisted in the affection of the two young girls for one another; they were like sisters.

Alice was of the medium height, dark, and remarkable for the quiet beauty of her face and a rounded and perfected figure. Sally was tall, slender, golden-haired, blue-eyed, and full of light-hearted cheerfulness. The sight dearest to the elder people of both houses was that of Alice and Sally walking arm-in-arm round one or other of the gardens. For years the two families had been neighbours, and the girls had grown inseparable. Everyone admired Alice for her beauty; but although Sally did not own regular features, she was a great favourite with all who knew her, and her parents idolised her.

Her father, who had business in the City, was a man then getting into years. He had married late in life, and was, when his daughter reached her eighteenth year,

in his sixtieth. He had been a silent, retiring man, much wrapped up in his business, and never given to demonstrativeness. He was somewhat taciturn and distant in his manner. In business he had the name of being honest and uncompromising; and, although he made little or no show of his feelings in his home, he dearly loved his wife and only child, Sally.

It will not be necessary to dwell at any length on the love Coleman bore his wife; but, as this is the history of an episode in Sally's life, a few words may be said of the way in which he regarded her.

The freshness of youth had left him when Sally came to him. She was the first young thing he had known intimately in his middle life. He had been educated at home, and his home had been the house of an uncle and aunt, a childless pair much older than his father and mother, both of whom had died when he was an infant.

Children brought up in the houses of elderly and childless aunts and uncles are always older-minded than those reared in their own homes. In such houses there are no echoes, however remote, of departed child-life. There are no marks on the walls or doors, no beds in the garden, no old rocking-horse in the store-room to tell of little hands quieted for ever, or little hands that have grown beyond the grasp of childish frolic or childish mischief. There are no reminiscences of youthful tempers or precocities. All things seem to have been always the same. The uncles and aunts show no signs of having been ever young. There is no suggestion of progress or develop-

ment. The future and the past are blank alike.

In such a home John Coleman grew from boyhood to adolescence, without any marked consciousness of the transition period through which he was passing. He suddenly found himself a young man without any boyish or childish record. Although he knew, as a matter of fact, that he was young, he felt upon him the sobriety and discretion of age. He was young in years, in nothing more. He cared not

for gaiety, or the pleasures proper to his season of life. Without being soured, he was cramped. During working hours he was

attentive to his business. When the office was shut, he went home and spent his leisure with his books.

John Coleman's business hours were spent in his uncle's office in the City, thus the circle of dulness was complete.

At last, when Coleman was eight-and-twenty, his

uncle died, leaving him a share in the business. Years went by, and in the end Coleman's aunt died, and he found himself absolutely alone in the world. Later he married, and ever since his marriage has lived in this house, where his

wife and the little ones now lie sleeping.

When he married his wife, she was no longer young: she had passed her thirtieth year. Like himself, she was of a sober nature, and in all essentials his married life differed little from his single life, except that after dinner he now read his book in his own dining-room, while his wife sat by, instead of alone in his bedroom at his uncle's house.

In time a baby-girl was born and named Sally. At first, for a year or two, Coleman took little notice of the child. He was in easy circumstances by this time,



ALICE AND SALLY ARM-IN-ARM.



HE TOOK HER ON HIS KNEE.

and told his wife to see that the little thing had every comfort and attention befitting their position. But he contented himself with routine inquiries and occasional glances.

His wife one morning, greatly to his amazement—for he had not heeded the flight of time—told him that Sally was two years old that day.

Sally dined with her father and mother that day. She was allowed to remain up specially for the occasion. Coleman had never seen her for so long before. For the first time in his life he that evening took her on his knee. For the first time in his life he ran his hand through her curly, flaxen hair. For the first time in his life he looked long and curiously into her large, merry blue eyes. For the first time in his life he kissed her little hand as it lay in his. For the first time in his life he felt her arms cling about his neck. The beauty of her fresh, sweet youthfulness grew about him like a charm. To touch her soothed and cheered him. What could equal the pleasure of watching her and thinking to himself she was his—his own? It had been his duty to cherish her; henceforth it would be his joy.

What strange value his prosperity now took in his eyes! Money, which hitherto had seemed only a means of carrying on business successfully and satisfying tradesmen, had now acquired a new aspect for him. It had ceased to be the slave of ordinary folk, and had been created his high handmaiden.

Sally had a doll that closed its eyes when it lay down.

That night he stole up to the room where Sally slept, and, having raised the gas, he went over to the little cot where she lay. Half her curly head was concealed. He turned back the white counterpane. His little baby-girl lay on her back. The eyes were closed, and she was breathing so quietly he could scarcely hear her, although he bent low over the cot. In the loop of her left arm rested her dolly, its eyes closed also. He kissed the forehead of the sleeping baby, dimmed the gas, stole away to his book-room—the one in which I now am—and in the dark sat there for hours, musing over his child.

That evening and night were the beginning of the great love John Coleman conceived for his daughter, Sally, and from that time forward he looked on her and the world with a new eye from a new standpoint.

She was the first young being that had ever come near him. She had come to him in his mature manhood, and when life had already begun to seem narrowing around him. The manner of his bringing up and of his whole life had tended to make him unspeculative in all subjects, himself included. He had been successful in business; he had married a woman younger than himself, but not absolutely young. He had made a handsome settlement upon his wife. His will was in the hands of his solicitors; and although thirty years of life might still be before him, he was in no way curious as to what those years might bring, nor would the immediate approach of death have filled him with overwhelming regrets or terrors. His life had been cold, dull, uneventful; and he did not regard with great anxiety the possibility of that life running on much longer or being suddenly cut short. He had played no game but the poor one of living, and in that he felt no absorbing interest.

Now all was changed. The past fell back from him like an old robe that had encumbered without comforting him. The

present became supremely vitalised, and the future glowed before him as the Promised Land in the imagination of the Israelites of old.

His wife was of mature years and settled habits. Her sentiments, her intellect, her manners had long ago taken final shape, and would be modified in only a trifling degree by events now rising. But here was Sally, young Sally, baby Sally, soft and plastic to the hand. What a new feeling it was to have the privilege of directing a fresh mind—of fashioning a new nature! And then the being over whom he had acquired this wondrous power was his own, his own child—his own sweet little baby Sally!

From that day John Coleman altered visibly. He ceased to be the retiring, taciturn man of old. He took an active interest in things passing around him. His neighbours became to him, in his mind, his friends. His house and all that was in it and around it took new colour and haunted him pleasantly. In the evenings now Sally came in with the sweets to the table, and stayed a while after dinner. When Mr. and Mrs. Coleman were alone—and they very rarely saw company—they never used the drawing-room, but sat the whole evening in the comfortable dining-room. Formerly he never spoke of household matters, and if his wife said anything about things of local interest, he would reply briefly and then take up his book. Now all this was changed. Often he never opened a book of an evening, but chattered until bed-time about the most trivial matters occurring in the district; for did not his little Sally live there, and was not everything occurring within the scope of her observation of consequence and prime interest, because it exercised an influence, no matter how slight, over her?

And so the days slid into months, and months into years, and Sally grew and prospered. These were happy days for John Coleman, and he made no secret of his happiness, but told any one to whom

he mentioned the matter that he loved his little girl and that she loved him, and that she was the sweetest, and the brightest, and the gayest little maid in London.

Before he could believe it she was seven, and then in what seemed even a shorter time than those seven years she was thirteen, promising soon to be a tall, graceful young woman. And now his love and the cherishing ardour of his nature increased a thousandfold. He became jealous of her. Soon she would be a young woman, and then some one—some unknown and hateful one—would come and woo her and

take her away from him, and leave his hearth bereft of her vivid youthfulness. It was when this thought first came with crushing weight into his mind that he spoke to Mr. Mortimer about the advantage of having a door of communication between the two gardens, that by such means their daughters might more easily enjoy the society of one another; the two families had been friends for years. Mr. Mortimer was delighted with the suggestion.

So the doorway was cut and fitted with a door which had no other fastening than a latch, and the two young girls of the houses could meet as often as they pleased without formality or going into what may be called the exterior air. The elder members of the families enjoyed also the new faci-

lities of intercourse, and nothing was commoner in the fine summer time than to find a party of four elderly folk playing whist in one of the two houses, while the two young girls, arm-in-arm, walked about the modest grounds.

Looking from the room in which I now sit, Mortimer's house had on the right a coach-house and stables. In front, that is at the side, remote and invisible, there is a small carriage-drive, and, bending across the front of this house, the drive leads to the coach-house and stables. If you pass in at the stable door, you enter the garden at the back through a small door. Once in that garden, nothing prevents you com-



EDWARD GARTON.

ing into this garden but a door secured by only a latch, which may be raised at either side of the door. These arrangements were as now when Sally Coleman was eighteen years of age, and when she was eighteen years of age an unusual event occurred. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer had a guest, a young man visitor, named Edward Garton.

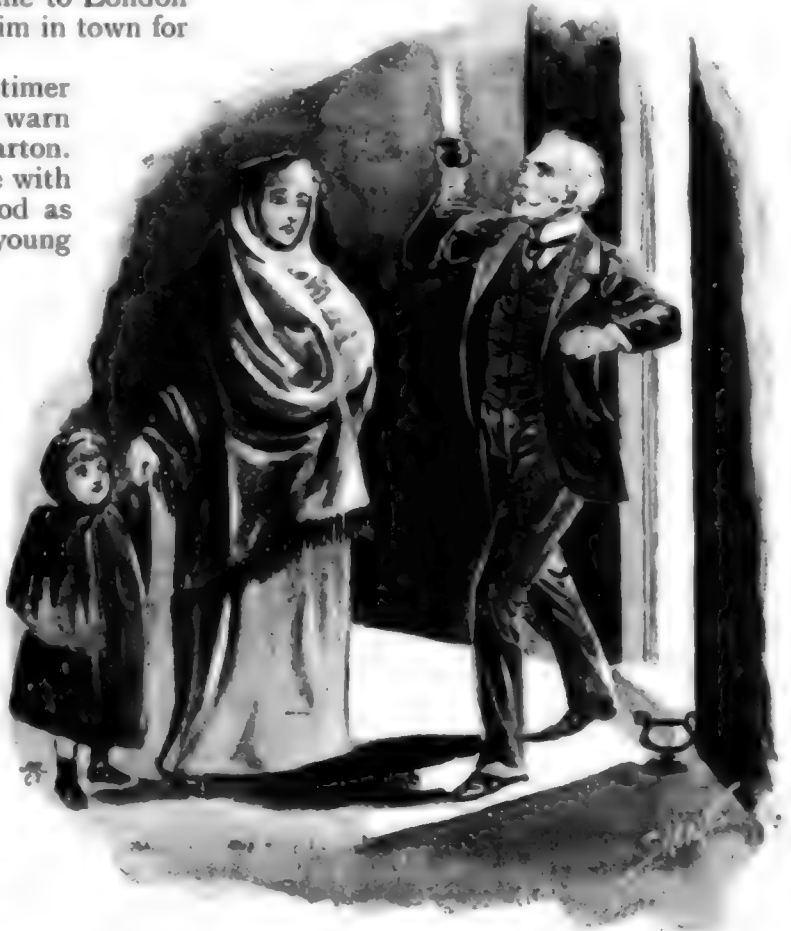
He was a short, broad-shouldered young man of four or five-and-twenty; pale-faced, collected-looking, self-satisfied, and very quiet. He was a distant cousin of the Mortimers, and had come to London on business likely to keep him in town for some time.

"I warn you," said Mortimer to Coleman with a smile, "I warn you against Edward Garton. Sally must not fall in love with him, for our Alice is as good as engaged to him. The young people have not yet, I believe, said anything to one another, but ——" and here he stopped and shook his head and smiled, as though to say all was as good as settled between the young people.

By one of those coincidences which are only remarkable because of the frequency of their occurrence, it so fell out that John Coleman became, in the way of business, acquainted with the matter which had brought Edward Garton to London, and, upon the knowledge so acquired formed a very poor estimate of that young man's character. The nature of the case and the means by which he gained the information did not warrant him in saying anything to his friend Mortimer about it. A young man may do a silly or even a wicked thing, and repent and fall no more; but while Coleman found himself under no obligation to divulge to Mortimer the secret he had discovered, he was not in his own home sparing of his opinion of Edward Garton. He did not go into particulars, but he said he had formed a very poor estimate of the young man.

For upwards of two months Edward Garton stayed with the Mortimers. Nothing definite had been arranged between Garton and Alice; indeed, the chance of an understanding between the young people daily decreased, and for this John Coleman was sincerely glad, because he loved Alice as though she were his own child, and he thought the woman who married Garton would have a life of misery before her.

At length the day for Garton's depar-



SHE CARRIED A YOUNG CHILD IN HER ARMS AND LED ANOTHER.

ture came. To the great joy of John Coleman he learned from William Mortimer in the City that morning that Garton had not spoken to Alice, and that if he had, Alice would to a certainty reject him. Mortimer was delighted. He told Coleman that they, too, had found out this young man, and that they were pleased he was going away, and that they thought his departure a good riddance.

Never in all his life did Coleman go home with a lighter or gayer heart than

that evening. He had bidden good-bye to Garton before setting out for town, and now, when he got back, he should find the home and neighbours he loved so well relieved of that man's odious presence.

He opened the front-door with his latch-key, left his hat in the hall, and went into the dining-room, where he found his wife alone.

"Where is Sally?" he asked.

Without looking up his wife handed him a letter.

Sally had been a fortnight married to Edward Garton, and had fled with him that day.

Four years passed and John Coleman never heard a word of his daughter Sally. He desired to hear nothing of her. His heart was broken. He went back to his old, dark, taciturn ways, and spent most of his evenings in the room I am now writing in. The Mortimers left the house backing this one, and it has never found a tenant since.

One night as he sat alone reading, he heard a noise in the garden of the empty house. He raised the blind and looked out. He saw coming

through the doorway between the two houses the figure of a woman. The woman carried a young child in her arms and led another by the hand.

Coleman went down-stairs, opened the back door, and let his daughter in. Her husband had deserted her and she was starving. She did not know the Mortimers had left the neighbourhood. She had gone along the carriage-drive and up to the house. She had found the house vacant, and then made up her mind to come home. She remembered a flag under which old Mortimer's coachman used to hide the second key of the coach-house. The one key opened back and front door. She found the key; the coachman must have forgotten to give it up. She came through the coach-house and stable into the garden of the house in which the Mortimers once lived, and thence into the garden under the window of which I sat.

In a fortnight after that Sally's third baby was born. In a month Sally died. The three little ones now asleep under this roof are Sally's children, and the man who is writing this, as it now grows daylight is, God help him, Sally's father.



Famous Women.

PHILANTHROPISTS.

“They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit.
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing nor a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no.
There's not a life, nor death, nor birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth
Without a woman in it.”

HER MAJESTY THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

IF, as the dictionary tells us, a philanthropist is one who has benevolence which is directed for the general good of mankind, no one can lay better claim to the title than the eldest daughter of our gracious Queen, who has devoted the greater portion of her life to promoting the happiness—socially, politically and artistically—of her husband's countrymen and women. Carefully educated as was our Princess Royal, she was called upon to fill at a very early age the somewhat difficult role of Crown Princess of Prussia. Like many other young wives, transported to a strange country and surrounded by a Court differing in many respects from the one she had been accustomed to in her early years, she had many things to learn and innumerable difficulties with

which to contend. But when the German people once realised how sincere was her desire to benefit them in every way in her power, and how many sterling qualities she possessed, they could hardly fail to love and respect her. To a highly

domesticated nation, her earnest devotion to her husband and family was another connecting link, and though her efforts to raise by culture the German Frau to a sense of her own importance were looked upon with suspicion at the time, this course gradually resulted in the women of the Fatherland obtaining many social advantages hitherto undreamed of by the feminine portion of this highly moral, extremely decorous, but at the same time, rather phlegmatic nation.

The Empress Frederick has always had a great love of art, and particularly



From a Photo. by]

HER MAJESTY THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

[Vianelli, Venice.

of painting, in which she excels to an unusual degree for an amateur; and in the Palace at Berlin is a prettily arranged studio in which Her Majesty spent many pleasant hours before her great sorrow fell upon her.

The Kunst-Gewerbe Museum, an imitation on a small scale of our South Kensington Museum, owes its rise and progress to the initiative of the Empress as Crown Princess, and the assistance and encouragement of herself and the Crown Prince (who was always one with his wife on these matters) have had a very extensive influence on the improvement of taste in Germany. Both possessing an unusual degree of culture, they made it one of the principal aims of their lives to share with others what they knew or learned themselves.

Another branch of benevolence in which the Empress Frederick is greatly interested is the Berlin Home for British and American Governesses, founded by Her Majesty in 1887. An English lady attends to the management, and the usefulness of the work is increased by the assistance given by the widowed Empress and a general committee of English, German and American ladies, resident in Berlin.

All branches of education also receive her patronage, support and protection, as this gifted lady is an ardent believer in the golden rule *mens sana in corpore sano*. The Viktoria Fortbildungs Schule for girls is one of many similar schools founded for the purpose of providing girls of the working classes with opportunities of extending the knowledge they have gained at school, and supplementing it with practical instruction in cutting out under-garments, machining, dressmaking, ironing, etc. Her Majesty founded a number of scholarships in connection with this establishment, and has on many occasions attended the annual examinations of the students. The Luisenstift, for girls of the upper classes, the Friedrichstift, for soldiers' orphans, the Baruch Auertach School for Jewish orphan girls, and the Association for teaching boys some useful handicraft, are all places of interest to the Empress; but one intended for little Children, the Pestalozzi Fröbel House, founded in 1873 by Frau Schrader, a great niece of Fröbel's, has, perhaps, enlisted her warmest sympathies. Here straw-plaiting, weaving, and wood-carv-

ing employ the more advanced scholars, while little ones of four and five help to clean, dust and wash, with evident delight. One branch of the school is intended for training Kindergarten teachers. Here, in addition to the usual curriculum, every kind of household-work that pertains to the care of children is taught; such as the cooking of children's food, the washing and ironing their clothes, nursing, etc.

A short distance from the New Palace at Potsdam, where the Emperor Frederick was born, where he died and where so much of his married life was spent, is the village of Bornstedt. This is Crown property, and here is established on a large scale a Crèche for the children of working women. It was maintained at the Emperor's expense, and it was his wish that it should always be kept up in memory of him. For these reasons it is looked upon by her Majesty as a sacred legacy. The maintenance of the house is insured by a special grant from the present Emperor, and any deficit there may be in the funds is quickly made up by the Empress.

In this imperfect sketch it will be seen how much time is spent by this royal and sorrowing lady in ministering to the wants of others, and for her the most sincere sympathy must be felt, who, at one blow, by the sad calamity of June 15th, 1888, lost husband and throne: while the hopes and plans of a life-time were frustrated for ever.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

It would be difficult to find in the whole of England a more happy and united family circle than that at Cumberland Lodge, presided over by Princess Christian. Her children's health, lessons, training and companionship, have ever been her first care, and living through her entire married life under the shadow of her early girlhood's home, Windsor Castle, she has had more opportunity of taking counsel from her Royal Mother and the benefit of her bright example than any of her sisters, with the exception of Princess Beatrice. Princess Christian leads a quiet, unpretentious life, full of sympathetic interest for the welfare of others; combining the avocations of the mistress of a country house with the duties and responsibilities of a member of the Royal

Family. Her Royal Highness is an excellent linguist, a skilled musician and has literary tastes of no mean order. During the season she makes many visits to town and is frequently to be seen at smart social functions, and is indefatigable in her exertions for charitable objects. The Princess takes a great interest in and is the President of the Royal British Nurses' Association. She is also President of the Princess Helena College, Ealing, an institution for training governesses and those who are preparing for the Cambridge Women's Higher



From a Photo by]

[H. Witte, Baden-Baden.

H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

Local, London Matriculation, and other examinations. A lady was chosen from this establishment by the Princess to fill the responsible post of governess to the Emperor of Germany's sons. Much of the success, too, of the Royal School of Art Needlework, at South Kensington, is owing to the very active part Her Royal Highness has taken in its organization, and to her practical knowledge of the craft of the needle. In her, the Windsor Charities find a ready helper, for time, money and personal convenience are of secondary importance if



CUMBERLAND LODGE, WINDSOR, THE HOME OF PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.

by Her Royal Highness's presence and influence, she can assist the poor and needy. In co-operation with other ladies, and at her instigation, free dinners for the destitute have been provided in Windsor during the Winter months.

I have already referred to Princess Christian as an able wielder of the pen; and with a kindly desire to promote the welfare of women journalists and others engaged in literary work, Her Royal Highness has accepted the post of President of the Writers' Club, a society which already numbers about two hundred members and includes such well known names as the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Jeune, Mrs. Arthur Stannard, Edna I. yall, etc. etc.

Cumberland Lodge, the home of Princess Christian, is a long, red-brick house, surrounded by trees, and within a four mile drive of Windsor. The hall is ornamented by antlers of stags, shot by Prince Christian, each having a small ivory shield with its date. There is also some fine Gobelin Tapestry, and quaint Chinese cabinets of old lacquer work. The Princess's boudoir is a simply-furnished room, ornamented with numerous photographs and portraits of members of her family. There is also a large one of the Emperor Frederick. The piano occupies the place of honour: embroidery and an open work-basket give a hint of the favourite employment of Her Royal Highness, and at a convenient angle near the couch is drawn up a pretty writing-table. The drawing-room is an apartment of many windows, draped with white brocade, which harmonises well with the carpet of Eastern design. The furniture is eclectic in character, but thoroughly comfortable, and the interior suggests to the casual observer, a general rendezvous for the family, rather than a place for state receptions. The grounds

are prettily laid out and contain a shady tennis court, on which the young prince and princesses play a great deal. All in connection with Cumberland Lodge is simple and home-like, and absolutely devoid of grandeur, but nevertheless a perfect type of what an English gentlewoman's house should be.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF TECK

is the daughter of the late Duke of Cambridge and is a cousin of the Queen. She has always held a warm place in the hearts of the English people, and is an especially popular member of society. Such a favourite is the Duchess, her presence is much sought at the opening of bazaars, the laying of foundation-stones, meetings at public institutions and similar functions all over the country, and very few days are allowed to pass without her making a public appearance. On these occasions she is generally accompanied by her only daughter, Princess Victoria, who also takes an active interest in work of this nature, and renders valuable assistance to her mother in various ways.

Most of the Duchess's married life has been spent at the White Lodge, Richmond, a charming residence, overlooking the park, and covered from basement to roof with ivy and flowering creepers. Passing the front entrance door into the corridor, one notices the doors leading into the dining-room, an oblong apartment, with a fine copy of Van Dyck's "Children of Charles I." over the mantelpiece. From the central hall you approach the drawing-room and principal staircase, leading to the bed-rooms and the Duke's smoking-room. To the left, at the entrance end of the hall corridor, is what is known as the green corridor, leading to-



From a Photo. by

[Kingsbury and Notcutts

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

more bed-rooms and the Duchess's boudoir. Every living-room at the White Lodge is a marvel of comfort and good taste, which is owing in a large measure to the Duke of Teck, who has made a special study of furniture and art decoration.

The corridors as well are filled with priceless bric-a-brac, and one window opens on to a balcony hung with Indian tapestry, a cosy nook which is often used for afternoon tea.

The principal apartment, however, is the drawing-room, which extends nearly the whole length of the house, and from its three large windows one looks out upon the garden and a glorious avenue of chestnuts.

It would be almost impossible to enumerate the various societies and charities which enjoy the patronage of the handsome and kind-hearted Duchess, but a brief reference should be made to one upon which she expends a considerable portion of her time. This is the Needlework Guild, which was established for providing clothing for the poor and suffering, and of which the only condition of membership is a promise to contribute at least two articles of clothing each year. Last year, in London alone, there were three thousand members, and there are besides numerous branches in the country, so it will at once be understood what a large and important work is being carried on. As president, the Duchess sent in last year two thousand four hundred and ninety-five articles; an equal number was forwarded by her daughter, Princess Victoria, and other ladies of the committee followed suit. These were distributed amongst the neediest charitable agencies, to parish missions, homes, schools, hospitals, etc.

The great cloud of sorrow which rested over the White Lodge just a year since is gradually passing away, as all griefs do



THE WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND.

in time, however severe the blow may be, and there is every prospect of a bright and happy future for the pretty and amiable daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

THE BARONESS BURDETT COUTTS.

Though all who hear her name naturally turn to consider the gigantic acts of philanthropy associated with her long and honourable career, I should like briefly to refer to another side of the Baroness's character, before enumerating those good works in different parts of the world which have become a matter of history. How many men of letters, how many actors, how many artists, during the present century, owe to her liberal assistance, encouragement and patronage, their marked success in life?

Only a few remain to answer the question personally; but still there are some who knew the early struggles of those who afterwards rose to name and fame, who are ready to testify what a large measure of their good fortune is to be attributed to her.

To the late Edwin Long, R.A., the Baroness was a well-tried and generous friend; to Charles Dickens and his family she extended the sympathy and help of which he stood in such need at various periods of his life. To Henry Irving, and two other famous Hamlets, Fechter and

Charles Kean, she has been a fairy Godmother. Gustave Doré highly valued her friendship; indeed, what celebrity in need of prompt assistance who has enlisted the sympathies of this noble woman during the Victorian Era has ever been turned empty away from her hospitable home?

To the Church too she has ever been one of the most staunch and liberal helpers, and no less than three colonial bishoprics — Adelaide, Cape Town and British Columbia—owe their existence to her munificence. St.

Stephen's Church, Westminster, one of the handsomest in the metropolis, was built and endowed by the Baroness Burdett Coutts; and Columbia Market and Square, the latter consisting of a number of model dwellings, intended for the occupation of those engaged in the business of the market, was, previous to her purchase of the district, one of the most degraded neighbourhoods in London. For frail and erring women, her kind hand provided a home, in the best sense of the word, at Shepherd's Bush; and she has equipped hundreds of boys for the Royal Navy. Tanners in Bermondsey, silk weavers in Spitalfields, poverty-stricken men and women of various trades in the East End of London arise and call her blessed. The Turkish Compassionate Fund received £30,000 from her purse, and the starving fishermen and peasants of Skibbereen, in Ireland, and Girvan, in Scotland, owed their salvation from death and misery to her generosity. Even at the present moment she has taken a long and trying journey, to one who is almost an octogenarian, so as to render valuable assistance in the women's handicraft department of the forthcoming World's Fair at Chicago. But within the limits of a short article it is impossible to more than touch



From a Photo by

THE BARONESS BURDETT COUTTS.

(Elliott and Fry.)

upon a few of the most widely known schemes which the Baroness has promoted for the benefit of the human race.

One would almost expect the woman who has undertaken these overwhelming responsibilities to be of commanding presence and imposing physique, but when one sees her in the flesh, one is rather impressed with the gentleness of her voice, the simplicity of her manner and her unobtrusive personality. She is the kindest and most genial of hostesses; and when entertaining at her house,

No. 1, Stratton Street, Piccadilly, or at Holly Lodge, Highgate, one is vaguely conscious that the most humble of her guests is the subject of as much solicitous attention as the princes, diplomatists, foreign potentates, philosophers and other celebrities who are assembled round her hospitable board.

Angela Burdett Coutts is one of the truest types of the English gentlewoman; and neither the luxury of her surroundings, her social position, or the coronet which an admiring sovereign bestowed upon her is needed to show that she possesses an inward nobility of character which is natural, not acquired.

The Baroness Burdett Coutts inherited the large fortunes left by her father, Sir Francis Burdett, and her grandfather, the famous banker, Mr. Thomas Coutts, who married the celebrated actress, Harriet Mellon, afterwards the wife of the Duke of St. Albans. Miss Burdett Coutts was raised by Her Majesty to the Peerage in 1871, and a few years later, married Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, who assumed the name of Burdett Coutts. This gentleman has distinguished himself in political circles, and has ably assisted the Baroness in her philanthropic work.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET has a physical and mental beauty which is rarely seen, even in those, who like herself, can lay claim to long descent and have enjoyed for many generations the advantages of culture and a life free from the petty worries incidental to limited means. She possesses, moreover, a charming manner, great administrative powers, and has the gift of impassioned

oratory, which delights those who come in contact with her, and who, having once experienced her magnetic influence, remain true to her for life, and to the cause for which she has made so many sacrifices.

The honoured and beloved President of the British Women's Temperance Association is the daughter and heiress of the late Lord Somers, from whom she inherited Eastnor Castle. She is also the owner of large estates in Herefordshire, Worcestershire, Gloucestershire and Surrey, including the greater part of the town of Reigate. Lady Henry's interest was first aroused in the cause of Temperance by the tendency shown by the labourers and others in her employment to satisfy the cravings of nature by an undue use of stimulants, and the misery which ensued. After considering the question in all its bearings, she herself signed the pledge at Eastnor in 1885, and has since advocated, both in England and America, the temper-



From a Photo. by]

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

W. H. Grove.

ance cause with considerable success

Lady Henry Somerset succeeded Mrs. Margaret Lucas Bright as President of the British Women's Temperance Association, and under her leadership, the campaign against strong liquors has been carried on with the greatest vigour and perseverance. In collaboration with her sister, the Duchess of Bedford, a paper, which is

devoted to the dissemination of principles of abstinence, has been started with the appropriate title of "The White Ribbon." Feeling deeply, as Lady Somerset does, the importance of temperance, she does not allow it to absorb all her interest, and in her earnest desire to lighten the labours of the heavy-laden, has warmly supported the West London Mission, and for many years has invited weary workers from the slums of



EASTNOR CASTLE, HEREFORDSHIRE

Soho to her country house, where they have been enabled to regain health and strength so as to fit them once more for the struggles of life.

Eastnor Castle, the home of Lady Henry Somerset, is indeed a princely edifice, and was built by the first Earl Somers in 1812. The mansion is one of the show places of Herefordshire, and was constructed of stone brought on the

backs of mules from the quarries in the forest of Dean, at a cost of £12,000 before it was dressed for building purposes; and all the wood-work throughout the house was made from oak grown on the estate. The architecture resembles, as far as is consistent with modern requirements, the Norman baronial castellated buildings which were scattered over Britain during the Plantagenet period. The decorations

of the hall are of a Gothic character, and it is further embellished with a fine collection of armour, thirty-three suits in all, of different periods; and other curiosities of great value brought from foreign countries.

The library is a splendid room, containing many rare volumes, and the space above the bookcases is covered with tapestry. This beautiful fabric, and other examples in different parts of the house, are well worthy of the attention of those

who admire this form of mural decoration. The dining-room contains a number of family portraits, by famous artists of a bygone age; and from the ceiling hangs Pugin's chandelier, an exact copy of the one in Nuremberg Cathedral.

Perhaps the most interesting room in this lordly pleasure house is Lady Henry's study, in which she spends a good portion of her time when staying at

Eastnor, and which is fitted with writing-tables, letter cabinets, speaking tubes and other modern necessities to the busy worker.

The drawing-room, which proclaims the woman of culture by the numerous books which fill up every available space, is decorated in soft tones of green. The most noticeable feature is a handsome terra-cotta fireplace, over which hangs Macbeth's "Reaper."

Lovely cabinets, filled

with Dresden and Sevres, engravings, by Burne Jones, silken draperies and softest cushions of green and brown, fine sculpture and the portrait of her only son combine to make this charming interior redolent with the personality of the fair châtelaine who presides with such charm and grace over all these treasures.

THE COUNTESS OF MEATH.

Lady Meath's name has become a household word as foundress of the



From a Photo. by]

THE COUNTESS OF MEATH.

H. Mendelssohn.

Ministering Children's League, which was started in 1885 and already numbers upwards of thirty-five thousand members in England, America, India and other parts of the world.

The object of this children's association is to promote kindness, unselfishness and a habit of usefulness among boys and girls of every class, and to create in their minds a desire to assist the needy and suffering and to aid the necessities of those in a worse position than themselves by supplying them with warm garments of their own making, and other comforts, according to their means. The first and most important rule is, that members should pledge themselves "to try to do at least one act of kindness every day."

Besides the moral influence which is so beneficent to the young and such excellent discipline at the same time, the children are encouraged to take part in the practical work of the Society, which includes providing outfits for poor servants, mending toys and making scrap-books for distribution in the proper quarters, or to be sold for the support of an orphan in the Ministering Children's League Homes. The maintenance of cots in hospitals, and sending ailing little ones to the sea-side or country are other branches of this interesting work. The cottage homes are situated at Ottershaw, about two miles from Chertsey. Boys and girls received here are taught some useful employment, and encouraging letters are received daily from those who have passed their early years under the guardianship of one who has their truest welfare at heart. A visit to the dormitories, in either the girls' or boys' home, at once reveals the care, cleanliness and comfort bestowed on the little waifs and strays, who tell some sad stories of the hardship and destitution which was their lot before an over-ruling Providence placed them in such comfortable quarters. When one remembers that an annual



KILRUDDERY, CO. WICKLOW.

subscription of £14 will endow a cot, one can only be surprised, large as the scheme is, that it is not double the size, for many a father and mother who have lost a child, if this deserving society were brought under their notice,

would be glad to assist so good a cause. All inquiries on the subject should be made to Lady Meath, 83, Lancaster Gate, London, her town house, where particulars can be obtained.

Another work of usefulness promoted by this kind-hearted lady, in conjunction with a noble band of women, is the Pauper Employment Scheme, which has been worked successfully in workhouse infirmary wards in Kensington, Paddington and St. Pancras, also in various country unions. The object aimed at is to afford light and interesting work for men and women who are too weak or old to take part in the ordinary routine of workhouse life. Writing on this subject, Lady Meath says: "Sad clusters of men and women may be seen with hands lying idly before them, dreaming away precious weeks, months and years. Such an existence is not life, or, if it must be thus designated, it is the life of the brute, not of the man." Lady Meath willingly contributes £20 to cover the expenses of material for starting each scheme, after which it generally becomes self-supporting by the sale of the articles made.

By her marriage with the Earl of Meath, then Lord Brabazon, she was united to a man of lofty aims and ambitions similar to her own. She is the only daughter of the eleventh Earl of Lauderdale and the mother of a family of four sons and two daughters.

The readers of this magazine will be interested in the sketch of Lady Meath's country house, Kilruddery, in the county of Wicklow, Ireland. It is a handsome modern mansion, standing in extensive grounds, and furnished with that exquisite taste for which the Countess of Meath is renowned.



IT has often been said that the familiar sentries of the Household Cavalry in Whitehall are to the Londoners

of to-day nearly as much a national institution as are the Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral. The origin of the Household Cavalry emphasises its intimate relations with Royalty. Both the Life Guards and the Horse Guards were raised in 1661, the former being chiefly recruited from the scattered cavaliers who had fought for Charles I., and the latter from a number of Colonel Crook's regiment, which had served under the Protectorate. The Life Guards originally consisted of three troops, called respectively The King's Own, The Duke of York's, and The Duke of Albemarle's, and of these one troop was generally raised in Scotland. (It is to this regiment that reference is made in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Old Mortality.") The Life Guards now formed three companies, and were separated into three troops. They were specially retained to defend the sovereign, and thus enjoyed peculiar privileges. Many of the privates were of good family, having formerly held commissions in the Civil War. They were designated "Gentlemen of the Guard," and their pay, being

higher than the usual military allowance, would have been thought a respectable allowance for even the elder son of a country squire. Their magnificent uniform was universally admired, and their splendid appearance when on parade in St. James's

Park was the pride of all Londoners. Another body of Household Cavalry, distinguished by blue coats and cloaks, and still called the "Blues," was gradually quartered in the neighbourhood of the capital. Their first duty consisted in separating the

two belligerent factions of France and Spain, on the quarrel for precedence in regards to their respective ambassadors. The Life Guards were engaged in quelling





UNIFORM LIFE GUARDS TIME OF CHARLES II.

the luckless invasion of the unfortunate Monmouth, and it was at the head of the Scottish troop, now the 2nd Life Guards, that Claverhouse, "the gallant Viscount Dundee, of a nobler strife and time," rode against the Covenanters. The Life Guards suffered severely at Drumclog, owing to their small number — intrepid Claverhouse had his horse shot under him, an animal as identified with his master's fortune, as was the famous black charger of General Boulanger in recent times.

In fact, the Covenanters ascribed to it Satanic powers; so fleet was the horse and so clever was the rider, that we are told "they outstripped and turned a hare on the Burn Law, where the descent is so precipitous that no merely earthly horse could keep its feet, or no merely mortal rider keep the saddle." At one time all was confusion amongst the Life Guards at Drumclog. Many were

dragged from their saddles, and, struggling in the damp peat, absolutely locked their foes in deadly embrace.

Claverhouse was riding to and fro, doing all a commander could do to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Like the Great Napoleon, he seemed to possess a magic power over his men; they averred that he was proof against lead, and the

majority honestly believed that he was; even going so far as to say that "they saw the bullets recoil from his jack boots and buff coat like hailstones from a rock of granite." In the end the retreat was sounded, and the baffled troops withdrew, leaving nearly forty dead on the field. Despite the fact that the Covenanters rushed into the fray yelling passages from Scripture, and were, no doubt, animated by a certain amount of religious zeal, many of the unfortunate Life Guardsmen were horribly mutilated. At



OFFICER 2ND LIFE GUARDS, 1712



OFFICER ROYAL HORSE GUARDS, 1712

Bolwell Bridge, however, Claverhouse found ample revenge for the reverse at Drumclog. Burning to avenge their defeat, the Guards fought with desperate valour, and, to use the words of a contemporary, "rode through the living masses as through a field of ripened corn." In 1780 the Life Guards were employed in putting down the Gordon riots, but their deeds in this transaction were merely confined to a kind of guerilla warfare with a London mob, and are not worthy of lengthened comment. Prior to 1788 the corporals were commissioned officers and in official documents were styled "captains," while all the privates were styled "gentlemen;" in fact, the "old regime" was exceedingly aristocratic, not to say exclusive. There is a story told of some of the old troopers refusing to serve in the regiment after the drastic changes effected in 1788. "Serve in the Life Guards!" they exclaimed; "no! they are no longer gentlemen, but cheesemongers." The nickname of cheeses stuck to them for many years. The State Officials, "Gold Stick" and "Silver Stick," are always officers of the Household Troops, chosen in rotation. This privilege, as regards the Life Guards, dates from the time of the Rye House Plot, as during that period their loyalty was considered infallible. The Household Cavalry seem to have had no regular barracks at first; and so late as 1690 we find them billeted in different hostleries in the Strand. Soon after this they were stationed in White-



EARL OF OXFORD THE FIRST COLONEL OF ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.

hall, and in 1750, the present "Horse Guards," considered a triumph of architectural beauty, was erected. The famous cream-coloured charger, ridden by the drummer of the Life Guards, was presented by the Queen, and the splendid drums by King William the Fourth. The drums are described as being of "fine silver, richly ornamented with Royal and Regimental devices in trosted silver and in high relief, with the name of the Sovereign, and number and title of regiment, with date of presentation on each drum." We may give a retrospective glance at the change which has taken place in the costume of these splendid troops. The first dress was a scarlet coat, with a quantity of gold lace, wide sleeves, slashed in front with lace, from shoulder to wrist, broad white collars, round hats with broad brims, in which were innumerable feathers, sashes of deep crimson, full ruffles at the wrist and long hair worn in the cavalier fashion; jack boots, cuirasses, and for headpieces, at times "iron hats," com-

monly called "Potts." Their arms were short carbines, pistols and swords, and, when on royal duty, they carried the carbine with the butt resting on the thigh. In 1812 brass helmets took the place of the cocked hat. In 1817 steel helmets were worn, and in 1820 bear-skins, like those of the Grenadier Guards, were used.

The "Blues" date from 1661, and at the Restoration received the title of "Royal." At the battle of the Boyne they were called "Oxford Blues," to



OFFICER'S COSTUME (WILLIAM III.).



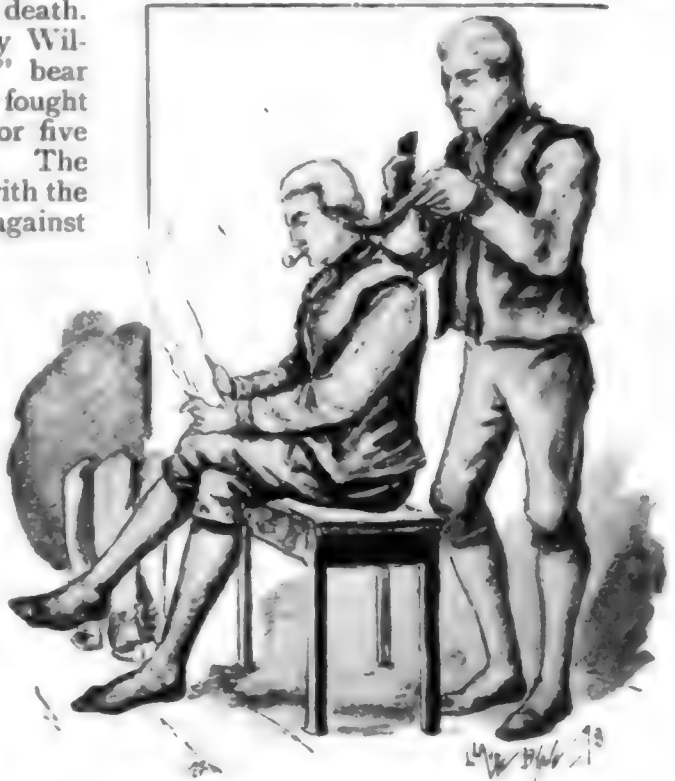
OFFICER, TIME GEORGE III.

distinguish them from a Dutch regiment. The "Blues" were a favourite regiment with George III., and it was "Farmer George" who gave them their drums, and the colonel's uniform he wore was given to the regiment at the time of his death. Their great standard was given by William IV. Well may the "Blues" bear "Dettingen" on their colours. They fought with marked courage, and were for five hours exposed to a deadly fire. The charge of the Household Cavalry, with the 7th Dragoon Guards, at Waterloo, against Kellerman's Cuirassiers, is a matter of history.

The manner in which the Earl of Uxbridge acted on the field of Waterloo has won unstinted praise from military critics ever since that memorable battle. On perceiving the advance of the French cavalry, he decided upon a simultaneous charge of the heavy cavalry brigades of Lord Edward Somerset and Sir William Ponsonby; the former against the enemy's cavalry, the latter against the masses of infantry. The resolution was scarcely formed when it was carried into execution. Riding up to Lord Edward Somerset, he ordered

him to prepare to form line, keeping the Blues in support; and, galloping on to Ponsonby's brigade on the opposite side of the high road, he ordered that officer to wheel into line as soon as he saw the other Brigade do so, and to hold the Scots Greys in support. He then returned to the Household Brigade and put the whole in motion. Lord Uxbridge was very anxious to prove the superior prowess of the British cavalry, and to cause it to be held in respect by its opponents.

Nobly and bravely did the Household Cavalry fulfil his expectations. His eager desire to render this charge a brilliant affair led him to assume the post of danger, and consequently of honour. The French line of cavalry, as it advanced, presented an imposing appearance. These veteran warriors bore with them an air of confident and anticipated victory, and amidst cries of "Vive l'Empereur," these heroes rushed on to the attack. On the other hand, the British Household Brigade, animated by an equal degree of enthusiasm, had already charged. The shock was terrific. The English, in order to close as much as possible upon the Cuirassiers, whose swords were much longer and whose bodies were encased in steel, while their own were without such defence, seemed for a moment striving to wedge



OFFICER'S TOILET 90 YEARS AGO—THE PIGTAIL.

themselves in between the horses of their furious antagonists. Desperate and bloody as was the fight, it was of brief duration. The physical superiority of the British cavalry was soon made apparent. The French horsemen were driven off the ridge which a short time before they had ascended in all the confidence of tried veterans. This first collision at the charge did not occur, however, throughout the entire extent of the opposing lines. Somerset's line was not parallel to that of the Cuirassiers; and as its right was thrown somewhat forward, this came first in contact with the enemy, and the collision, in consequence of the rapidity of the charge on both sides, followed in instantaneous succession in the direction of the Allied left, until intercepted in its further progress by a natural obstruction, consisting of a hollow-way, through which the cross roads lead into the Charleroi Road. The Cuirassiers on the right of the French line were suddenly thrown out of their speed, by coming unexpectedly on this hollow-way, into which they consequently fell in confusion; and as they began to urge their horses up the opposite bank, they beheld the 2nd Life Guards in

full speed towards them. All idea of resistance in such a situation was abandoned as hopeless. They immediately filed away, and struck across the Charleroi Road, followed by the 2nd Life Guards, who were in equal disorder, from having to pick their way, as best they could, down the steep bank adjoining the intersection of the two roads. The French Cuirassiers finding themselves, practically speaking, "at bay," reined in their steeds, and, fronting their pursuers, engaged them individually in hand-to-hand combat. Among the combatants was one whose prowess acquired for him universal fame. This was Corporal Shaw, of the 2nd Life Guards, a well-known pugilist, possessing great strength combined with an equal amount of courage. When in the thick of the French cavalry, he rendered himself conspicuous by the bold manner in which he met every opponent. Rapid and deadly were the strokes he dealt,

and it is said that no less than nine Frenchmen met their death at his hands. His career, however, was suddenly cut short. A Cuirassier, who had proceeded some little distance, so as to clear the left of the 2nd Life Guards, turned round, and, taking a deliberate aim with his carbine, deprived Shaw of



CORPORAL-MAJOR, WITH STANDARD, ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.

that life which his powerful arm and daring had made: proof against the sword of the enemy.

From the time of Waterloo until 1882, the Household Brigade had not been called into active service: but in the Egyptian campaign of 1882 they proved the fallacy of the popular idea that they are "featherbed soldiers." At Mahuta they had the first opportunity of distinguishing themselves, and this they did, as proved by the following tribute paid to them by Lord Wolseley: "Under the bursting shells, the colossal troopers sat like statues amid a conflagration, as quietly as they had been

wont to sit a short time before in the arched gateway at Whitehall." At the battle of Mahuta, trooper Browning, of the 2nd Life Guards, had to defend himself unaided against terrible odds. By a terrible stroke from his heavy cavalry sword, he literally cut one of his opponents in two; strange to say, he escaped with but a trifling wound on the wrist. The Battle of Kassasin will always be remembered in history on account of the famous midnight charge of the Guards. They literally had to charge in the dark, the only light being from a pale and watery moon and from the flashes of the guns. There were some miraculous escapes. Sir Baker Russell's horse was shot under him as he led the way; he, however, got another riderless horse and kept up. Colonel Milne Holme,

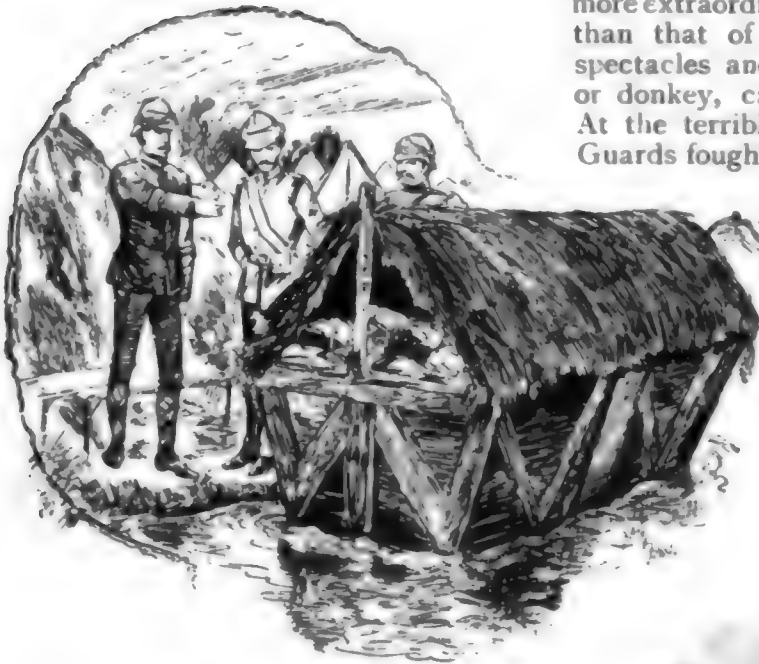
who was with the "Blues," got separated from his companions, with only a wounded trooper near him. The latter was dismounted, so the Colonel found him a riderless horse, and together the pair went through the night, in danger of being surrounded. They got back safely to camp, however. Trooper Bennett, of the "Blues," nearly lost his life by his horse bolting and carrying him into the enemy's line. He was saved by the timely intervention of an officer. There are many more accounts of hairbreadth escapes at Kassasin, but these are representative episodes, and will give our readers some idea of the pluck displayed by the Household Troops in one of the most memorable cavalry charges of modern times.

Early in 1885, the Household Cavalry provided contingents for the Camel Corps, which took part in the ill-fated expedition for the Relief of Khartoum. The appearance of the Camel Corps

when starting across the desert must have been pre-eminently picturesque—mounted upon the strange and somewhat weird-looking "ships of the desert," the unfortunate "Guards" could have felt anything but in their native element, and must have, in all sincerity, wished themselves back in Whitehall. Needless to say that the uniform for the Nile expedition bore little resemblance to the gorgeous

apparel in which we are accustomed to see the Household Troops. The burnished breast-plate and helmet were discarded, as were also the high "jack" boots. Their place was taken by the Indian "pith" helmet and the light undress jacket worn by our troops in the Colonies; while in





TRANSPORT OF WOUNDED IN FRESH-WATER CANAL
AFTER KASSASIN.

place of the heavy boots, the legs were protected by a series of bandages composed of a stout canvas cloth. To protect the eyesight from the glare of the sun, and the almost as intense glare from the hot and parched sand of the desert, both officers and men wore spectacles, many wore crape veils, and it is likely that not in the annals of modern warfare, has a



SEARCHING FOR FRESH WATER IN SOUDAN 1882.

more extraordinary picture been presented than that of a Life Guardsman, with spectacles and veil, mounted on a mule or donkey, careering across the desert. At the terrible battle of Abu Klea, the Guards fought gallantly; and it was here that Colonel Fred. Burnaby fell, sword in hand. It was at this time that so many new-paper correspondents fell, martyrs to duty. Among the victims in this respect were Mr. Cameron, of the *Standard*, and Mr. Herbert, of the *Morning Post*. Frank Power, who accompanied General Gordon to Khartoum, and



OFFICER LIFE GUARDS IN SOUDAN,
WITH SUN SPECTACLES AND VEIL.

who was subsequently created British Consul in the Soudanese Capital, also lost his life. The British nation have paid all honour to these gallant pressmen; and a monumental brass in St. Paul's Cathedral bears testimony to their heroic conduct

At Metammeh, the Camel Corps won fresh laurels. During the Egyptian war of 1882 and the Nile campaign of 1885, both the horses and men of the Household Cavalry suffered terribly by the intense heat and the scarcity of water. All the press correspondents bore unanimous testimony to the sufferings of the troops in this respect. The appearance presented by many of the unfortunate horses on their return to their old quarters in Windsor, Albany Street and Knightsbridge was pitiful in the extreme. We are happy to say that a grateful country treated these dumb heroes with the same generosity that they extended to their gallant masters. On their return from the Eastern campaign of 1882, a most enthusiastic reception awaited them in



IN HOSPITAL AT SUAKIM (AFTER KASSASIN).

London. Not since the return of the troops from the Crimea, had such scenes of enthusiasm been witnessed in the streets of the metropolis. Banquets and balls were given in their honour, and unusual tokens of public favour and gratitude met them on every side. From the Heir Apparent to the humblest mechanic, all vied with each other in doing honour to the heroes of Kassasin. We have thus proved that the Horse Guards and the 1st and 2nd Life Guards are not merely ornamental warriors, and that the splendid qualities which distinguished them at Dettingen, Waterloo and Kassasin place them in a foremost rank in the famous regiments of the British Army.

Having thus briefly sketched the history of the Household Cavalry when fighting for their Sovereign, a duty for which they were specially raised, we may



OFFICER OF LIFE GUARDS ON MULE (SOUDAN, 1884).



AFTER SOUDAN CAMPAIGN, 1882 (BACK AT WINDSOR).

give a retrospective glance at their doings in the "piping times of peace." As we said before, the accusation that the "belted knights" of Windsor and Albany Street are but "featherbed soldiers," has often been hurled at the heads of soldiers who have proved themselves imbued with all the military ardour and dash which has distinguished the more "fighting" regiments of the British army on many a hotly-contested field. Every European nation maintains a "Royal Body Guard," and naturally they are dressed in uniforms of unusual magnificence, a fact which is absolutely necessary when one takes into consideration that they have to appear on all state occasions, whether as mounted escort or guarding the ante-room of the royal palace. No one at all conversant with military matters would for a moment imagine that the cumbrous, if gorgeous, uniform of the Household Cavalry is adapted to fin de siècle warfare. The cuirass as a defensive accoutrement is completely obsolete. During the Egyptian campaigns of 1882 and 1885, the orthodox uniform was altogether discarded. We have already described and illustrated the appearance of the troops during these expeditions; and it is needless to say that the plumed helmet did not make its appearance on the African desert.

As we write the attention of the empire is directed to the House of Teck, and it may not be out of place to mention the fact that the father of the august lady who will, in the course of nature, most likely become Queen of England and Empress of India, saw service in the Egyptian war of 1882. During this campaign he shared the fortunes of the Guards, and, like the Duke of Connaught, proved himself a thorough soldier. He returned to England with the Guards on board the *Assyrian Monarch*, and was met by the Duchess

of Teck and other Royal personages. At all the banquets subsequently given in honour of the return of the troops, no name was more enthusiastically toasted than that of the Duke of Teck. It is not our intention to make any lengthened allusion to recent events in connection with the 2nd Life Guards, beyond mentioning the fact that the troopers who were transferred from Windsor to Shorncliffe earned fresh laurels in the latter station as regards good conduct. The quarrel which led to the transfer to Shorncliffe was a purely "military" affair, and outside the pale of civilian criticism.

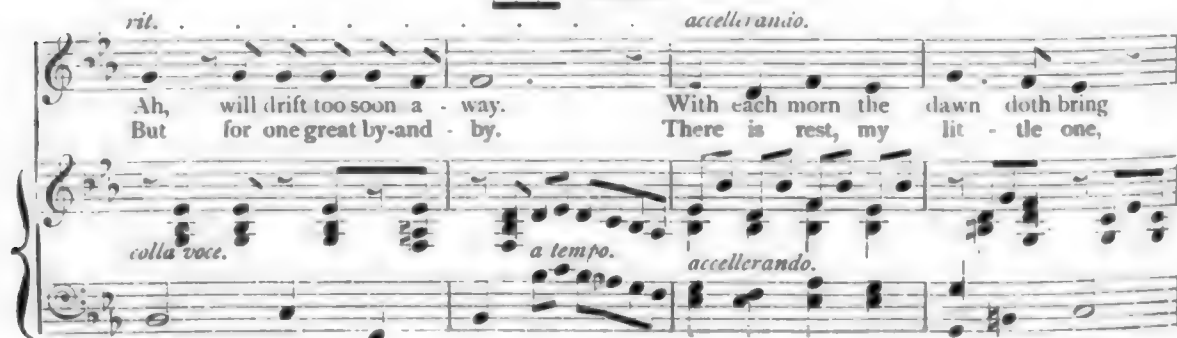
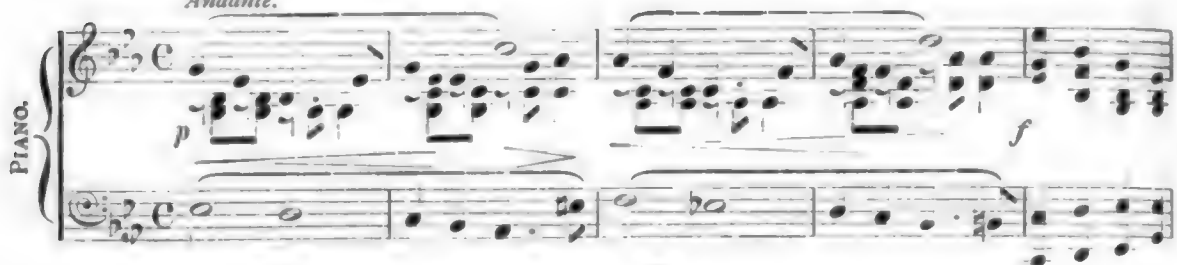


GOLD LACE UNIFORM OF BANDSMAN, 2ND LIFE GUARDS.



Words by GEORGE ARTHUR BINNIE.
Andante.

Music by ALFRED SCOTT-GATTY.



f rit.

Full grown hearts to *es* more than sing, Hu - man hopes live but to die :
 When life's race is past and done ; Hush, my boy, ah, do not cry,

f rit.

a tempo.

Ah, don't sigh, ah, don't sigh
 'Mid the stars none shall sigh

a tempo.

ff rall.

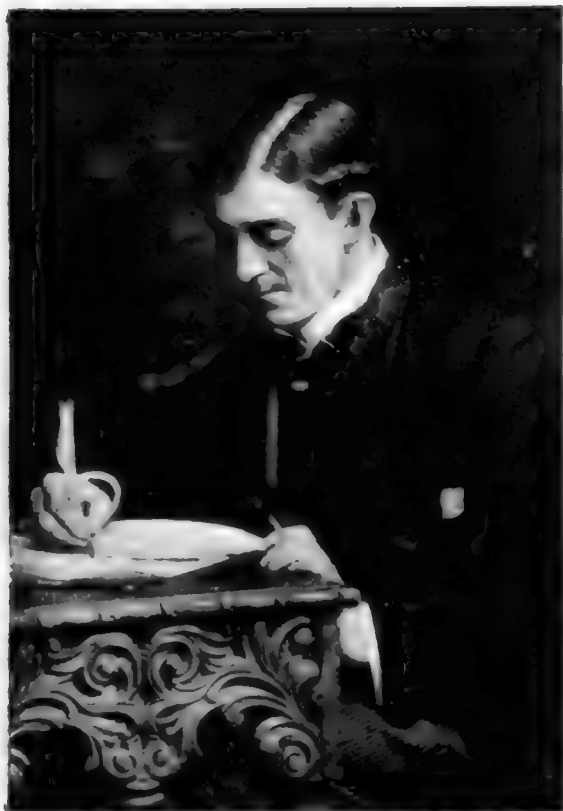
For the world's great by - and by.
 In that great sweet by and by.

ff colla voce. *a tempo.* *D.C. to '8*

After last verse only.

dim.





From a Photo by]

[W. & A. Downey.

MR. ALFRED SCOTT-GATTY.



From a Photo by]

MR. GEORGE ARTHUR BINNIE.

[Walery.

The Composer and Writer of Music and Words of "By and By."

ALFRED SCOTT-GATTY (YORK HERALD).

Mr. Alfred Scott-Gatty is the second surviving son of the Rev. Alfred Gatty, D.D., Vicar of Ecclesfield, in the County of York, and Sub Dean of York Cathedral. He was born at the Vicarage, Ecclesfield, on the 26th of April, 1847. Mr. Scott-Gatty was educated at Cambridge, where he devoted all his energies to music. In 1866 Mr. Gatty commenced writing songs for children in his mother's magazine, published later in volume form, entitled "Little Songs for Little Voices," and which are very popular with children. In 1868, there appeared two of the most popular songs Mr. Scott-Gatty has ever written, viz, "O, Fair Dove, O, Fond Dove," and "True till Death." Others, to the number of over two hundred, have appeared from time to time. Amongst his latest songs are "The Waves' Answer," and "Love Built his Nest," and a pretty tenor song, "Love's Sentinel," words by George Arthur Binnie. In 1880 Mr. Scott-Gatty was appointed Rouge Dragon Pursuivant of Arms, of the College of Arms, and in 1886 was advanced to the office of York Herald, which appointment he still holds.

GEORGE ARTHUR BINNIE.

Mr. George Arthur Binnie is the son of the late W. Binnie, Esq., of Glasgow, and step-son of the late Sir John Malcom, of Balbeadie, Fifeshire. He is thirty-two years of age; he was educated in private schools in Scotland, England and France, the late Fred Leslie being a schoolfellow of his. His first efforts in literature occurred in America, where he proved very successful. Since his return to England he has become a very popular lyric author and contributor to several successful journals; he has written over two hundred songs, and his name is coupled with the best composers of the day. Amongst his best known songs the adaptation to the famous popular French melody, "La Perè la Victoire," "England, Home and Victory," "An Old Love Dream," "The Spell of Love," and "Carita" are the most popular, the latter having been sung with great success during the Patti tour. Mr. Binnie is the proud possessor of a framed testimonial for rescuing a woman from fire, presented to him by a Fire Office in London, which proves that the sentimental and physical are wedded in the nature of the subject of this sketch.

Young England at School.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.



IN the heart of the City of London, overlooked by that noble edifice, St. Paul's Cathedral, and having as closer neighbours the huge buildings of the General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and the ancient Hospital of St. Bartholomew, stands an institution, loved by thousands who have been fortunate enough to have studied within its walls. In the Report of the Schools Inquiry Commissioners, published in a Parliamentary Blue Book, 1868, the following words, in beautifully-chosen language, describe the exalted position of Christ's Hospital so correctly that I have selected them as the basis of my early remarks:

"Christ's Hospital is a thing without a parallel in the country, and *sui generis*. It is a grand relic of the mediæval spirit, a monument of the profuse munificence of that spirit, and of that constant stream of individual beneficence which is so often found to flow around institutions of that character. It has kept up its main features, its traditions, its antique ceremonies almost unchanged for a period of three centuries. It has a long and goodly list of

worthies. It is quite as strong as Eton or Winchester in the affection of those who have been brought up in the school."

Christ's Hospital (or, as some call it, The Blue Coat School, arising from the circumstance of the boys wearing blue coats or gowns) arose from the dissolution of the once famous Priory of the Grey Friars—that favoured Sanctuary, as we read, in which the great and noble were anxious that their remains should repose, and to be buried within whose precincts, "wrapped in the tattered mantle of one of the fraternity," was regarded as a kind of passport to heaven.

The main entrance is in Newgate Street, but the Old Gateway in Christ Church Passage is the only official entrance, which forms one of our illustrations. Over the porch, in a recess, stands a statue of "Edward the Sixth, of famous memory, King of England," the benevolent founder of this illustrious institution.

Christ's Hospital was inaugurated in the year 1552, and is said to have been the outcome of a sermon upon the excellence of charity, preached before the King (Edward)

at Westminster by the pious Bishop Ridley, although credit is given to the Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, Thomas Leaver, 1551-3, for a good proportion of the valuable work. Besides the statues to the memory of the Royal Founder, a valuable painting, said to have been executed by Holbein, hangs in a most prominent position in the Court Room.

Written in Latin, under the date 26th June, 1553,

the foundation Charter, of "The Royal Hospitals" of Edward VI., of Christ, Bridewell and St. Thomas the Apostle, still remains preserved among the Archives of Christ's Hospital. It included the grant of the Palace of Bridewell, and of certain lands, tenements and revenues of the annual value of £450, belonging to the dissolved Hospital of Savoy; together with a licence to take lands

in mortmain, or otherwise, to the yearly amount of four thousand marks, for the maintenance of these three foundations in common. When the noble King signed the patent (and, as we are told, with hardly strength to guide the pen) he said within the hearing of his council: "Lord, I yield thee most hearty thanks that thou hast given me life thus long to finish this work to the Glory of thy Name."

King Henry VIII.'s grant, whereby he bestowed upon the Mayor and Common-

alty of London the Monastery of the Grey Friars, and confirmed by Edward VI., had the effect of providing Christ's Hospital with its local habitation. It has been somewhat fortunate in being located in such a central position in so important a city; and considering it stands on close upon two-and-a-half acres of land, it would be hard for me to compute its value. The buildings are a splendid pile, with plenty of playing ground, and

cloisters in abundance, which afford the boys capital shelter in inclement weather.

Upon entering the porch, you are immediately saluted by the stalwart college porter, who, from his lodge, eyes you almost instantaneously, and from his countenance you can soon see if you are deemed an intruder. After the usual "All right, sir," you pass on a few yards, where you reach on your left the old cloisters, a relic of the



ENTRANCE FROM NEWGATE STREET.

Monastery itself, which also forms one of our illustrations.

Many an old tale would these weather-beaten walls tell, if they could but speak, and the small tablet near the roof (shown in our picture), is noted for the following curious wording, in memoriam of some old worthy—"Here lies a benefactor, let no one move his bones." These cloisters are known amongst the boys by the name of "Jiff's Cloisters;" this appears to have been given by the boys themselves, in the

days of the old Beadle, with J. I. F. for his initials, whose beat was along this old remnant of the monastery.

We need not proceed down the cloisters which lead into the "Hall playground," for a more attractive picture meets us from this point, as we look into the Garden playground (so called from the old Monastery Garden), where we have a most interesting view of "Young England at School."

The Garden is alive with the chatter of the youngsters, bare-headed, with their long blue coats either flying in the air, displaying the yellow stockings and shoes, or tucked up under their waist-belt. Each arch in the Cloister is a goal, and you are lucky if, in attempting to cross the yard, you escape colliding with the small ball they are driving from one side to the other at shinney or hockey. Then, again, in the Garden, as shown in our illustrations, we have the New Cloisters, or, as it was called, "Grecian Cloister," so named because the Grecians used to



GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Monastery Cloister, and have now to make reference to the exterior, which faces the New Cloister. This certainly at once tells us it is the most ancient portion of the building; in the centre is a great institution—yes, an institution stamped on the memory of all Blues, past or present—"The School Shop," better known as "The Tuck Shop."

I took quite a fancy to this interesting branch of Christ's Hospital, and when I could pilot myself through the dozens of shinney-sticks that were threatening closer friendship than was comfortable, I managed to get inside, and while chatting with the good-tempered proprietor, I could not help feeling the gnawings of a boy's appetite, and I was therefore compelled to indulge in a "pastry" on the spot.

"Times are not nearly so good as they used to be," said the Tuck Shop proprietor, while a number of pastry trays were being



WRITING SCHOOL AND WARDEN'S HOUSE.

keep it sacred to themselves, no one else being allowed to pass through. The Grecians are the head boys in the school. It is still a favourite haunt with them; and in our group of the Grecians now at Christ's Hospital the Cloister forms the background. I have previously spoken of the interior of "Jiff's," the Old

carried in: but I failed to see where the slight grumble came in, for I was soon pushed on one side, and in came the boys for puffs, tarts and all manners of pastry, while Fry's chocolate was in great demand. Footballs and every requirement for their games are supplied here; in fact, the wants of the boys are thoroughly

catered for, which obviates the danger of boys frequenting the streets of such crowded thoroughfares as those in the immediate vicinity of the school, besides allowing the officials to thoroughly investigate what the boys are purchasing.



MIDDLE ARCH, FRENCH CLOISTERS (GROUP OF HOCKEY-PLAYERS).

After an interesting ten minutes round the tuck shop, I made my way to the counting-house, reached after passing under an archway on the right in the Library Cloister as you enter. Mr. W. Lemprière, one of the chief clerks, was extremely kind in showing me over several places of interest, including the Court Room, which forms one of the subjects of our illustrations. This splendid room is approached by a fine oak staircase: it is a spacious apartment with vaulted roof supported by four Doric columns and lighted by windows, with double sashes, on the eastern side. The President's chair, with the Arms of England over it raised on a canopy, occupies the chief position at the upper end of the room, behind which is the portrait of the Royal Founder I have previously referred to. The walls are covered with portraits of former presidents, treasurers, benefactors and other worthies, past and present.

The painting of Sir Richard Dobbs, Kt., Lord Mayor in 1553, I was told ranks next in age to that of the founder. It bears the inscription "*Ætatis suæ 65,*" and the following lines in old English characters:—

Christe's Hospitall erected was a passinge dede of pittie,
What tyme Sir Richard Dobbs was Maior of yis most
famous citie,
Who caretull was in gouernment a furthered muche
the same,
Also a Benefactor, good, who loyed to see it frame,
Whose picture heare his friends haue sett, to putt
eache wight in minde
To imitate his vertuous dedes as God hath vs assinde.

The building known as the Counting-house, where the Court Room is situated, was erected about two hundred years ago, on the first rebuilding of the Hospital after the Great Fire of London. The Court Room as the name suggests, is where the General Courts,

Committee, and meetings of the Governors, etc., take place from time to time.

In the immediate vicinity of the Counting house there is little that calls for special attention, and we therefore proceed through the "Grecian Cloister" and pay a visit to the "Great Hall," perhaps one of the largest now in existence without pillars. To Londoners, this grand fabric is well known, as each day, from twelve to one, the frequenters of Newgate Street cannot help halting to see the dinner parade in the Hall playground, certainly a most impressive sight, which visitors to the School should not miss. At a given bugle call the boys are all marshalled in front of the Hall on the North side of Newgate Street for dinner, at 1.15, by the Drill Sergeant—a Crimean hero.

The school band, conducted now by Mr. H. A. Godfrey, an old Blue, and a nephew of the great "Dan," plays some march, while the small army, upwards of six hundred strong, file up, and after dividing into their little companies, or wards, sixteen in number, march into dinner.

Ten minutes before dinner is served, it is amusing to see some of the little blue coats dancing round the tables, laying the cloths and bringing in the bread, etc. The Grecians are the first to enter, marching up the centre of the hall to their table at the far end, near the visitors' gallery.

From this gallery visitors can view the whole school at dinner.



NEW CLOISTER (THE GARDEN PLAYGROUND).

One of the Grecians reads the long prayers, composed expressly for the School by Bishop Crompton, of London.

The Hall stands partly on the foundation of the ancient refectory, and partly on the site of the old City wall, and was completed, after four years' building, in 1829. The style is Gothic, built of Portland stone with spacious Cloisters of Heytor granite.

Large kitchens occupy the basement, and the Governor's room, the wardrobe, the buttery, etc., take the greater portion of the ground floor.

When I say that the Hall and lobby measure 187 feet long by $51\frac{1}{2}$ wide, and $46\frac{1}{2}$ high, my readers will be able to form an idea of its magnitude.

Numerous old paintings cover the great walls, two of their number being famous, not for their value so much as their portraits; these are Edward VI. renewing his father's gift to the Hospital, and of St. Thomas and Bridewell to the City, and a colossal picture, 80 feet in length, by Verrio, representing James II. receiving an audience of Christ's Hos-

pital boys and girls.

A splendid organ adorns the east end of the Hall, over the lobby, and the organist, an old Blue, has set some pretty music to equally well-chosen words specially for the use of the School. Sunday services in the Hall render a pleasant Sabbath to those who are fortunate enough to witness them; and the Lent Suppers are looked forward to with great joy by the boys. Annu-



GROUP OF "GRECIANS."

ally, on the anniversary of King Edward's birthday, the old boys dine together; and these reunions are of the most enjoyable description, when an Old Blue of distinction generally occupies the Chair.

Amongst the latest additions to the adornments of the Hall are handsome Coats-of-Arms in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. They are fixed to the fronts of the galleries—the Royal Arms of England on the western, and those of the Hospital, flanked by two Bluecoat Boys, at the eastern end of the Hall, on the Organ loft.

The dietary scale now, as compared to the earlier days, is indeed liberal, and every care and attention is paid by the officials to give the boys that food most suitable to growing youths.

The general breakfast for each boy consists of $7\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of bread, and half-a-pint of

allowance of bread: $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of butter and 4 oz. of cold meat, with cocoa or coffee. The Grecians have $7\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of bread, 1 oz. of butter and 8 oz. of cold meat, or 4 oz. of bacon and a pint of coffee. The monitors $7\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of bread, 1 oz. of butter and a pint of coffee.

The general dinner consists each day of 3 oz. of bread and, on Monday, 4 oz. of mutton and 8 oz. of potatoes; on Tuesday, 4 oz. of pork, 4 oz. of potatoes, and an allowance of greens; on Wednesday, 4 oz. of mutton and 8 oz. of potatoes; on Thursday, 4 oz. of beef and 8 oz. of potatoes; on Friday, 4 oz. of mutton, 4 oz. of potatoes, and an allowance of greens; on Saturday, 4 oz. of beef

and 8 oz. of potatoes; on Sunday, 4 oz. of beef or veal, and 8 oz. of potatoes; half-a-pint of ale is allowed to each boy on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays—upwards of eighty boys receiving it daily—



OLD CLOISTER (JIFF'S CLOISTER).



FRENCH CLOISTERS.

milk, with or without hot or cold water at the boy's choice.

The special breakfast (in cases where it is ordered by the medical officer) comprises, in addition to the above-named

and on two days in the week each boy has 6 oz. of Yorkshire pudding in addition to the rest of the ration, while occasionally 4 oz. of suet pudding are also allowed.

This, of course, is varied from time to time, and the joints are supplemented by hash, stewed rabbits or meat pies.

The Grecians receive a double allowance of meat and beer, together with 1 oz. of cheese.

Supper consists of 6 oz. of bread, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. of butter, a half

pint of milk and water; and the late supper for some 200 of the elder boys is 4 oz. of bread and 1 oz. of cheese. Bread is not stinted to the boys, who can at any meal procure an additional quantity by asking for it.

From this it will be seen that the boys now at Christ Church have a much better time than their predecessors, whose old school rhyme tells us they had somewhat scanty fare. The following is the verse, which all Crugs will remember well:—

"Sunday, all Saints;
Monday, all souls;
Tuesday, all trenchers;
Wednesday, all bowls;
Thursday, tough Jack;
Friday, no better;
Saturday, pea soup, with bread and butter."

Some of the essays by Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb are particularly interesting on this subject. When speaking on the



GRECIAN CLOISTERS, AND CHAPEL IN DISTANCE.

diet question some few years after he had left the school, Charles Lamb says: "I remember L—— at school, and can well recollect that he had some peculiar advantages which I and others of his schoolfellows had not. His friends lived in town and were near at hand, and he had the privilege of going to see them, almost as often as he wished, through some invidious distinction which was denied to us. The present worthy sub-treasurer to

the Inner Temple can explain how that happened. He had his tea and hot rolls in the morning, while we were battenning upon our quarter of a penny loaf—our 'crug'—moistened with attenuated small beer, in wooden piggins, smacking of the pitched leathern jack it was poured from.

"Our Monday's milk porridge, blue and tasteless, and the pea-soup of Saturday, coarse and choking, were enriched for him with a slice of 'extraordinary bread and butter' from the hot loaf of the Temple. The Wednesday's mess of millet, somewhat less repugnant—we had three banyan to four meat days in the week—was endeared to his palate by a lump of double-refined and a smack of ginger (to make it go down the more glibly), or the fragrant cinnamon. In lieu of our *half-pickled*, Sundays, or quite fresh-boiled beef on Thursdays (strong as *caro equina*),

with detestable marigolds floating in the pail to poison the broth, our scanty mutton scrags on Friday, and rather more savoury but grudging portions of the same flesh, rotten, roasted or rare, on the Tuesday — the only dish which excited our appetites and disappointed our stomachs in equal proportions — he had his hot plate of roast veal, or the more tempting griskin — exotics unknown to our palates — cooked in the paternal kitchen (a great thing) and brought him daily by his maiden aunt. I remember the good old relative, in whom love forbade pride, squatted down upon some odd stone in a by-nook of the cloisters, disclosing the viands (of higher regale than those cates which the ravens administered to the Tishbite), and the contending passions of L — at the unfolding."

The scholars rise at six o'clock sharp during the summer mornings, and are allowed an extra hour's indulgence throughout the winter. Before breakfast, in the summer, they spend about half-an-hour in the swimming-bath, or in the gymnasium, or at "fives." The swimming-bath at Christ's Hospital, an exceptionally good one, was opened in 1869, and has been found so capitally appointed that Rugby has taken it as a model for their school. Prior to the building of the present bath and wash-houses, the ancient "Peerless Pool," in City Road, was the recognised haunt of the boys, but the old open-air bath having been demolished, the want of a good bath was speedily recognised by the authorities, with the result that one was soon erected. The dimensions are 25 feet by 60 feet, with a varying depth of from 3 to 5 feet, and capable of holding 33,000 gallons of water, in which between eighty and ninety boys can bathe at one time.

• After this half-hour's recreation, break-



COURT ROOM.



STATUE OF THE FOUNDER, EDWARD VI.

fast takes place at eight o'clock; morning school begins at 9.15 and ends at 12.15; from the latter time to one o'clock, in the summer, away the boys go to either "fives," tennis, gymnastics, or cricket, although the latter cannot be played properly, owing to the asphalt. After-noon school starts at 2.30, ending at 4.30.

In the winter the ward football matches are held in the Hall playground.

The school, being essentially for those who must work to gain their living and not simply earn "a bubble reputation" on the football field or on the river, cannot boast of a great list of heroes in the athletic world. A. Back, in 1874, and A. K. Lewis, in 1886, are two football blues emanating from Christ's Hospital, and C. W. Dix, the present captain of Kensington Rugby Club, also hails from the Newgate Street School. It should be, however, mentioned that the physical education is by no means neglected, as at the gymnasium or fives courts (erected in the new playground, on the site of the old Giltspur Street Comptor or Debtor's Prison, which the Governors secured some forty-five years ago) all boys undergo a certain amount of compulsory gymnastic training under a competent instructor.

The carpenter's shop at the rear of the

bath is also a valuable addition to the useful and instructive appendages to the school, thanks to the liberality of the treasurer, Mr. Allcroft, who has been instrumental in working many improvements in the hospital, taking a lively interest in the recreation and doings of the boys out of school. A feature that cannot be left unmentioned is the Cricket Field at Dulwich, where, on the Wednesday and Saturday half-holidays, the boys revel in football or cricket, and during the long summer evenings they are able to have an hour or two outside of smoky London at specially reduced fares by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway from Holborn Viaduct.

The Annual Sports are generally a bumping success at Lillie Bridge, held under the supervision of a committee of the masters and officers, who at all times evince the keenest interest in the welfare of the boys—young and old.

A capital library, containing some five thousand volumes, in almost all branches of literature, has been established upwards of thirty years and is a favourite resort of the boys during half-holidays and play hours, and to those of good behaviour on Sunday afternoons. The museum, instituted some thirteen years ago, must not be forgotten; it



HALL PLAYGROUND FORMING UP FOR DINNER.

owes its birth to the generosity of one of the Governors (Mr. Jeremiah Long), and contains a valuable collection of natural history and geological specimens, etc., together with some of the ancient clothing and school money coined at the Mint specially for Christ's Hospital.

The dormitories are sixteen in number, known by their respective numbers, and beautifully clean. They contain from forty to fifty beds each, the total number of beds being close upon seven hundred and fifty, not including the infirmary. Each ward has a matron's apartments, and without a doubt the boy's ward is his "Mecca," and I was pleased to notice how feelingly the Matron spoke of "her boys."

A partition down the centre of the ward divides the room into two parts, one half having two rows of small beds without gas, and the other has two rows of beds with tables running right down the centre, over which plenty of light enables the boys to construe their tasks. The walls are

adorned with the work of young Blues at school, and should the ward happen to have pulled off one or other of the challenge cups, a prominent position is given it near the Matron's apartments, and it is prized by all in the ward. Christ's Hospital, as at all other public schools, rejoices in a rare and extensive vocabulary of slang, far too long for me to attempt to describe.

The school has its monthly magazine, appropriately entitled "The Blue," written by "Blues for Blues." The magazine is most admirably got up and carefully edited by the Captain of the school, and appeals not only to the cloistered, capless youths, but to the large army of

Old Blues outside the walls. I should have liked to have devoted much more attention to what I consider the greatest School in the City of London, more especially as a great change is about to take place before the century closes with us.

After so many centuries in our midst we are about to lose this old and renowned institution, although I must admit it will be a move in the right direction; close upon eleven hundred acres of land have been secured in Horsham, Sussex, and the contracts are out for estimates for the buildings. All must agree that the fresh country air is a great advantage to a large school, thereby almost insuring good health.



HOUSE OF RESIDENT DOCTOR.

Christ's Hospital will not only gain this, but the Girls' School and Preparatory School at Hertford, containing ninety beds for girls and three hundred and forty for boys, upon which I shall be unable to give much detail in this short article, will find quarters in closer proximity to

the governing body, with plenty of more suitable recreation grounds. When this comes about I hope to make a journey to the New School, and renew my acquaintance with my young friends at their New Country Home of the Royal foundation of Edward the Sixth.

Besides this approaching great change, the Hospital is now undergoing a transition for regulating the presentations and admission of children into the schools. This is called the New Scheme of the Charity Commissioners, which came into operation in 1891, but it cannot be said it is yet in full working order.

Children are admitted by presentation: firstly, of a Governor; secondly, of the



THE MUSEUM.

Council of Almoners, for children of persons distinguished in Literature, Science, or Art, or in the service of the Crown, or those who have rendered services to the public or to Christ's Hospital: thirdly, of certain City Companies for children of Liverymen. Of such Companies boys are admitted by competition, from the ages of ten to thirteen, on the nomination of a Governor, from Public Elementary Schools within the London School Board district, from certain Parishes which have hitherto exercised right of presentation, and from certain endowed schools.

The boys presented are sent to the preparatory school at Hertford; and are drafted from there—periodically, according to progress—to London; but boys admitted by competition join at once the original foundation.

Even presented children are now subjected to examination and required to read with facility and intelligence, write legibly and correctly, know the four simple and compound rules in arithmetic; and a fair knowledge

of geography and English grammar is expected.

The subjects for the competitive examinations are fairly stiff, and if only our forefathers could have had the opportunities of attaining the knowledge, or half of what is now expected of a boy under thirteen to gain admittance to Christ's Hospital, they would have considered themselves fairly good scholars.

In preparing this article on Christ's Hospital I must acknowledge the courtesy and valuable assistance I have received from the Headmaster, the Rev. Richard Lee, M.A.



EXTERIOR OF OLD CLOISTERS AND TUCK SHOP.

Our readers will be glad to possess copies of the school "Carmina," both being from the pen of the Rev. W. Haigh Brown, LL.D., an old blue, and now Headmaster of Charterhouse School.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

CARMINA.

I.

Unum concentum tollite
Laeto, sodales, sono:
Et vota bona fundite
Pro Christiana domo.

Nostro favete carmini,
Amici, quotquot estis,
Quos cura tangit Hospiti
Cæruleæque vestis.

Ut per priora sæcula
Sic tempus in futurum
Det fausta Deus omnia
Et ipsum adjuturum.

Ne noceat concordia
Contentio proterva
Neu tabes obsit corpori
Neu febrium caterva.

Mores honesti suppetant
Et utilis doctrina
Et litterarum gloria
Et recta disciplina.

Ludi viriles floreant,
Qui præbeant salutem
Fraterna per certamina
Et nutrant virtutem.

Sit indies felicior
Vigore domus verno
Et floreat, ut floruit,
Honore sempiterno.

II.

In the far distant days when the Tudor bore sway,
And a dead past in ruins was crumbling away,
Rose the home of the Blue, as the Phoenix of old
From the funeral ashes ere yet they were cold.

Like a well nourish'd sapling, as seasons roll by,
It struck its root deeper, its summit rose high;
Till the good seed once planted, at Edward's command
With wide-spreading branches o'ershadowed the land.

And for ages on ages that bountiful shade
Has faithfully nurtured the youth and the maid;
Till their sinews were strong for the toil of the strife,
And their courage was high for the battle of life.

And there, too, in lavish profusion unrolled,
Goodly treasures of learning, more precious than gold
Have lured on the student to win him a name
And to gain him a niche in the Temple of Fame.

But though proudly we reckon our brothers among
Men foremost in arms, and in arts, and in song,
Yet a far better boast in the thousands we find,
Who have done honest service for God and mankind.

Then all honour to Edward, the King and the boy,
He has earned him a glory no time can destroy;
Let us circle his brow with a wreath all his own,
A garland more splendid than conqueror's crown.

Hurrah for the Blue! 'tis the ensign of youth,
'Tis the symbol of hope, 'tis the emblem of truth;
And may we, one and all, to our colour be true,
And maintain still untarnished the fame of the blue.



DORMITORY NO. 12.—HOLDERS OF SWIMMING CUP.



BLUE-COAT BOY.
(From an old Drawing dated 1819.)

The Arrest of Deerfoot:

A Tale of the Mounted Police.

By ROGER POCOCK.

I'M only a Blackfoot squaw, Major, and you're a chief of the Mounted Police; but the little voice of Truth lives in my mouth and it shall be heard. I alone know the story; so what's the good of your trial unless I talk? And don't let me catch this new interpreter telling lies out of my mouth.

Major, your prisoner there is as innocent as a prairie-dog. Be still, Beef Hardy; I will be heard, in spite of you! Look at him, Major; big Beef Hardy, your Mounted

Police scout and interpreter—the handsomest white man on the Plains—he swears to you that he killed Dried Meat, my husband. I tell you that he lies! I say, in the presence of the Big Spirit, I, and I alone, killed Dried Meat! Come, I am yours: take me—kill me! I deserve to die; but that man shall go free!

Dried Meat bought me for his wife last year. My father told me that he was very wise, waited for in council, the best scholar at the Agency—yes, like a paper book full of black marks. I can't read: and, oh, how I hated him!

He sat in the lodge all day and gave orders: his very presence more than I could bear; his voice rasping my ears like a file; and his sneer made me want his blood. Not for days and weeks, but for years, he was to be my master; not wearing off like a sickness, or killing me like the plague, but always there in the tent, making my little life as bitter as frozen berries, till my hour of death. He'd no more soul than a stretched skin; no tears, no laughter. He would not love me, nor could I fight with him. He didn't care for me so much as the dogs he beat, the colts he broke, the stones he threw at the crows. Can a woman bear that? Oh, I would rather have been chained to the dead!—I—I, who loved—another man!

He had one virtue: he could run. No pony could beat him in a fair race. They called him Deerfoot, after our great Indian runner. He used to keep a paper in the tepee—a printed paper, many moons old—to say that Deerfoot was to race with a white man in the Calgary Rink. He was proud of being called after him, especially as both had Dried Meat for their birth-name; and—set my words down on a white skin with ink—they were sometimes mistaken for one another. My master had been taken for the great hero: for him who, on the Iron Trail, stood off three Mounted Policemen with an axe; for him whose hands are red, so that the Govern-



HARDY, THE SCOUT.

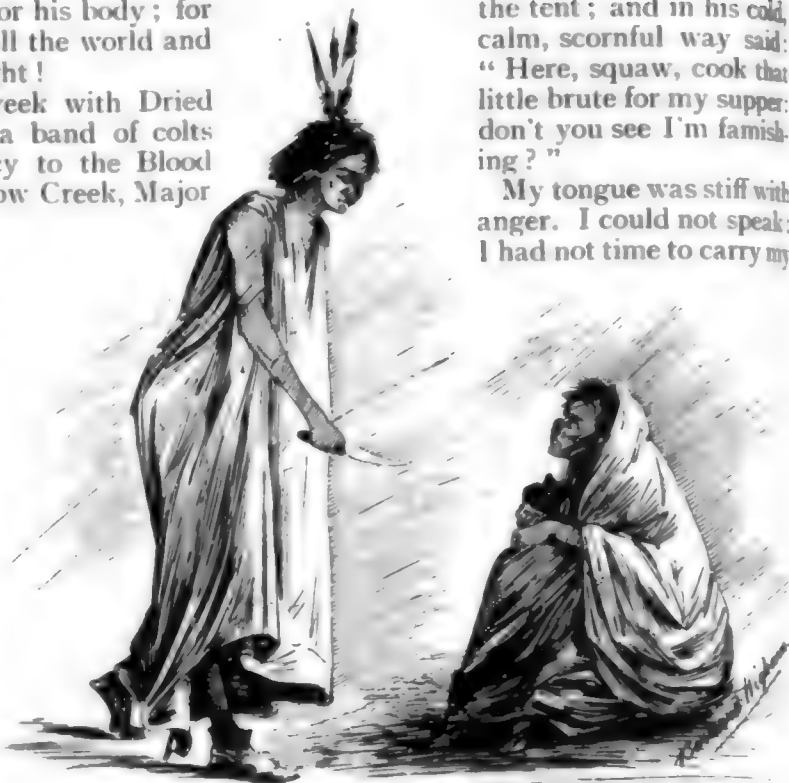
ment offers great money for his body; for him who stands alone in all the world and defies the white man's might!

I was travelling last week with Dried Meat. We were taking a band of colts from our Blackfoot Agency to the Blood Reserve. You know Willow Creek, Major—the little coulee where Wade-the-Coward keeps a trading store. It was there we camped on the flat by the Creek where the wind had whisked away the snow and left grass for pasture. There was nothing to eat all night; there'd been nothing to eat all day, and we were hungry. Perhaps our hearts had grown evil for the want of food. I had a little dog, Major—just a wee scrap of a thing that whisked about the camp and loved me. That day a horse had kicked him and he was lame.

Poor little trembling, crying thing! gazing into my face, licking my cheek, trying to bear the pain. Dried Meat found me in

the tent; and in his cold, calm, scornful way said: "Here, squaw, cook that little brute for my supper: don't you see I'm famishing?"

My tongue was stiff with anger. I could not speak: I had not time to carry my



HERE, SQUAW, COOK THAT LITTLE BRUTE.

pet away. His knife struck straight into its throbbing heart; its life-blood fouled my dress; and before I could get at Dried Meat's throat. I was alone. It lay in my arms dead—the one creature I cared for in the world; and there in the dusk I swore by the Big Ghost above: Blow for blow—blood for blood—life for life!

A minute before I'd seen from Wade's corral a horse tied to the door of the trading house. I had noticed the brand, the clipped tail, the big saddle: it was a horse of the Mounted Police. The owner of that animal must know of the search for Deerfoot, and of the great money offered for his capture. My master had sometimes been mistaken for the Blackfoot hero. I took his running shoes and wrapped them in the old printed paper about Deerfoot. What if I took them so wrapped



HE SAT IN THE LODGE ALL DAY AND GAVE ORDERS

and sold them to Wade for food—would not the soldier see? Suppose my master resisted arrest and were shot!

I stole out of the tepee and found that Dried Meat was away among the horses. I crept to Wade's door unseen, knocked, was let in. Major, the owner of the horse was not the red-coat I expected; he was not one of the Police, but big Beef Hardy, the interpreter—your prisoner!

I tried to run away, but Wade held me. I screamed and struggled to escape. Major, I wanted to be saved from my master, but not by this man—not by Beef Hardy. Do you think I'd give him the chance? No; I—I hate him! I hate him to the death, because—I hate him! Why do I? What's that got to do with it, Major? If you don't like my witness talk say so, and I'll go.

I wouldn't speak: they couldn't make me speak. Beef asked me why I had Deerfoot's shoes: how I got Deerfoot's paper; if I was Deerfoot's wife? "No," I told him, "I'm not his wife. My man is Dried Meat," I said; "a young Piegan brave, camped on the flat by the corral."

Hardy looked into my eyes. He knows me; he believes all my words, and let me go like a man. Then I saw Wade-the-Coward sneer at him for being taken in; and I heard Wade-the-Coward say that Dried Meat is Deerfoot's birth-name—that the little squaw had lied.

I never slept that night; I never spoke to Dried Meat, and I ate nothing. Beef would not try to arrest him before daylight; for no living man would attempt to take the great Deerfoot in the dark. At dawn my master awakened; ordered me to take down the tepee, and ran out to gather his horses for the march. At that instant a voice rang out in the cold air—"Halt!" I looked out of the tent, and found Beef Hardy and Wade coming from the house. Both had rifles, but Beef was

in Cowboy clothes; and there was nothing in the look of the men to make Dried Meat think of the police. He seemed surprised, and went up to find out what was wanted.

I saw Beef take something from a paper packet. Now I know that this was Deerfoot's picture; but the two men are so like that this seemed only one more fact against my master. Beef said nothing, wondering, I thought, that Deerfoot should be so careless about meeting white men; and while he hesitated, Dried Meat, thinking to show off his famous running before the strangers, set off to round up his herd. His feet seemed to leave no mark on the crisp snow; he ran like a young antelope, and no mounted cowboy could have been quicker in gathering a band of horses. He came back trotting behind the colts; and then, blushing and smirking with conceit, went back to hear his skill praised by the white men. The name Dried Meat, the shoes, the printed paper, had been all against him—but the running settled all doubt. Beef laid his hand on my master's shoulder.

"Are you Deerfoot?" he said.

Dried Meat smiled at the pretty compliment, and answered "Yes."

Beef held tight, Wade covered him with his rifle; and the three moved away towards the house.

I began to fear that Dried Meat would submit to the arrest like a coward; but I suppose he didn't understand at first what had happened. The moment he saw the police horse in the corral he knew all. With a sudden twisting wrench, he slid from the white man's grasp, left the blanket in his hand, and, naked, came down like a deer towards the camp.

"Quick, squaw, my rifle!" he yelled, as he neared the tent. The evil was in my heart, the gun was in my hand. There were cartridges, and as I ran I made pretence of pumping them into the magazine.



CAME DOWN LIKE A DEER.

He snatched the *empty* rifle from my hand, took Willow Creek with a bound, and in an instant was on top of the cut bank, and behind a fallen tree.

Beef Hardy and the Coward came blundering after him, then stood on the bank in the smoke of their empty revolvers, looking up at Dried Meat's ambush with the frozen creek between. The cut bank was steep and of frozen gravel; the rifle was like a little blue eye looking over the log, they could hear the clicking trigger, and expected death.

Wade took aim with his Winchester and shouted "I'll finish the brute from here!" But Beef turned, looked straight at the Coward and said "Down with that gun." The giant, the beautiful white giant, stood waiting there for his death; and the Coward sneaked away. Beef Hardy looked straight into the rifle's eye, and never flinched—I tell you I saw him charge straight up the bank believing that Deer-foot's first shot would instantly strike him down. There might be a charge in that rifle—a cartridge I'd left by mistake—my hero was in danger; I nearly died of fear.

I heard the click of my

master's empty gun, saw him leap to his feet, and knew that he was praying to the Great Ghost for help. Beef Hardy had fallen on the frozen gravel and was scrambling helplessly on the bank below. The rifle barrel flashed in Dried Meat's hands, the butt swung round his head—and he waited, flourishing the weapon, till the white man's head should come within his reach.

I dared not see, my eyes seem blinded, my brain was reeling—then—then it was all clear! I stole behind Wade-the-Coward, I sprang, I struck him down with an axe! I lifted Wade's rifle as Dried Meat prepared to strike; but still Beef Hardy was scrambling on the stones and did not see. Wade's weapon was in my hands, alive in my clutch—it pointed at Dried Meat's head—and dashed his eyes with blood! He leaped in the air, and floundered—and fell—but my hero was saved alive!

What have I said? Major, I lied! Didn't I tell you I hate this Mounted Police scout to the death?

Hands off, Beef Hardy! Hands off, I say, or I'll kill you! What—you will! Of course I did—of course I saved you from the brute—my hero! My master! My love!



I STOLE BEHIND WADE-THE-COWARD.

Tired Love.

A Fin-de-Siècle Episode.

By S. A. KAPPEY (Mrs. Alfred Hart), Author of "A Modern Martyr,"
"A Double Ruin," &c.

"Heart by heart for a little while,
Bright and brief as a maiden's smile
That comes and goes as thoughts beguile.

"Mouth on mouth for a breathing space,
And tears that burn each frozen face :
Wild thoughts for coming nights and days."

FOR a whole sweet year they had loved each other passionately. They had drunk to the full of nearly every cup at life's feast—now, sad satiety was creeping upon them, and they knew it.

Gold there was enough for a week's royal pleasure : love, perhaps, for as many days—then ?

"What shall we do when our glory is ended, *belle amie* ?" asked Syd Trevellian of the woman at his side. He was looking at her hair, her eyes, her mouth, and wondering why it was that the scrutiny did not bring him the old thrill of delight.

"Die," said Claire Ivana briefly.

This word, launched as it was upon the intense life of a June afternoon, impressed Trevellian strangely. Die—yes, it would be a fit ending to their mad career.

"Do you mean it, Claire ?" he

demanded, eyeing his companion with a momentary revival of interest.

"Yes, I mean it," affirmed the woman, her small face, Russian in type and Russian in its mysterious beauty, flushing to the brow only to leave her cheek paler than its wont. "What are we, after all, but two poor *fin-de-siècle* creatures, tainted with the pessimism of the day, utterly incapable of treading the narrow path of conventionality, and, above all, tired—tired of everyone, of everything—tired of Love !"

"Aye, that's the pity of it."

"It seems strange," said Claire, with a sort of contemptuous irony, "that one little year has killed what we swore should be

deathless — and yet outwardly we are unchanged. Do you remember, Syd, the day we defied the world—how far removed all earthly considerations appeared in comparison with our great need, the one for the other ? How we looked into the sky, upon the sea, toward the green fields stretching beyond, and at the flowers by our side. The air was full of the perfume of roses and the sound of your voice, and



THEY HALTED AND SURVEYED THE BUSY LIFE BELOW.

I was happy—happy—happy as it is only given to a woman to be once in her life. Now, I lay my hand in yours—you do not even know it; I touch your cheek—you do not even smile; I sing to you—and my songs leave you unmoved. Yes, of what use to live since habit only chains us to each other's side?"

"I almost love you," replied her listener dreamily. "I *should* love you if—if ——"

"You knew we were to part for ever."

He smiled. "To-day is Thursday, is it not? Some gold yet remains to us—it may last till next Thursday—then?—well, I shall have had the honour of ruining myself for you—and we will leave this world as portionless as we entered it. Come, place your arm in mine—let us walk; only seven days of sunshine are left to us."

He offered her his support with almost the same tenderness as that of the old glad days. Aye, it seemed that the expiring embers of love had blazed into fresh flame, for each felt that they had drawn closer together within the last half-hour than they had been for many a blank day.

They languidly paced the sea front of the fashionable watering place at which they were staying—all eyes contemplating with curiosity the couple who had kicked aside the trammels of Society, and, seemingly, only to find that the sacrifice had been made in vain. The men looked at the woman; the women at the man; but the two looked at neither. They were in the world, not of it, and their thoughts were busy with the future.

Presently they came to the end of the front, and they halted and surveyed in silence the busy life on the sands below—even trivialities possessed a new meaning for them. They watched the little children in large sun-bonnets making tiny castles, which were swept away almost immediately by the slow-creeping tide, the white-capped bonnes intent upon the safety of their charges, the strolling musicians, gaudily attired bathers, and many other tawdry incidents which characterise the ordinary sea-side life. Yes, they halted and wondered how it was that anyone is ever missed with so many to fill the gaps



"WHY DO YOU LOOK AT ME SO STRANGELY?"

in the ranks of life. In a few years those little children would have grown into manhood and womanhood, their sand castles replaced by others, just as transient, and, perhaps some of them would be standing, even as they were standing, and dimly questioning why they were born and what was the use and end of all things.

For a long while they were silent, and then, by a mutual impulse, they looked into each other's eyes, and each thought they saw tears.

"Where shall we go to-night?" asked Trevellian, eager to break a stillness charged with electric meaning. "You are queen, I bondman."

"Somewhere where there are music and flowers. To the Rose Garden, if you will; and perhaps the stars may shine and we may think it is—a year ago."

"Don't!" cried Trevellian sharply.

"You love me a little still, then, Syd?"

"Perhaps; I know not—come, you look tired."

That evening saw them at the Rose Garden—a lovely retreat, where in the distance could be heard the ghostly sorceries of the sea and, at intervals, the voluptuous melodies of a trained orchestra. As Claire had hoped, the stars were shining brightly, and they enhanced with tender radiance the beauty of her weary face. For she was beautiful; few women

could boast so faultless a skin, so pure a profile, such a wealth and length of hair. Syd had never thought her so lovely—or was it that the starlight, like death, tempers all imperfections?

She, in turn, gazed at her lover's face, and the past lent an acute pathos to the hungry glance. How well she had loved that face; there had been a time when she had thought nought could compare with the high white brow, those blue eyes, the amorous mouth, that showed so fine and clear beneath the golden-brown moustache. She had not learnt then how cold could be the glance of those eyes, the touch of that mouth.

"Why do you look at me so strangely?" asked Syd, drawing his chair close to his friend's and encircling her waist with his arm. "Do you know, Claire, yon music makes me think of my childhood. I recall my boyhood's dreams, before I had caught the contagion of a world I abhor, or paltered with pleasures that please not. I *had* my dreams, child; I was not always the cynical brute I now am; but they turned me grey, and the dust of broken purposes clogs my brain. What is the air they are playing—'The Last Rose of Summer'?"



"TAKE ME AWAY——"

the roses are not *yet* dead. Claire, will you marry me?"

The words escaped him, he knew not how nor why, save that he experienced a vague yearning to take her life into his own hands and shape it anew.

But the little mocking laugh of Claire Ivana soon dispelled the weakness.

"Are you mad?" she cried; "and am I a child to be duped by a passing caprice? A foolish woman would take advantage of your present mood, would steal from you a promise you would ever regret; I am wiser. Just now you are suffering from one of those mental exaltations that would make you willing to die for me; but to-morrow—the inevitable morrow of reason—you will sneer at yourself for a fool. Think, if I were to accept your offer and marry you, what an unpleasant shock to your nerves. Dear Syd, I will allow you the privilege of ruining yourself for me, but certainly not that of marrying me."

"I like you in this mood, you whimsical witch," said Trevellian. "But, Claire, you are horribly wicked."

She smiled, one of her complex little smiles. "If to be frank is to be wicked, then I grant you I more than deserve the epithet. You are a curious man," she continued, brushing a rose across his lips. "I understand you, after all, so well: you are tired of me and yet you resent my regarding the fact philosophically. It piques your vanity that I do not weep and rail and plead, but simply resign myself to the inevitable."

"Yes, you are right," returned he, stretching himself and yawning. "It would be difficult to imagine ourselves *en famille*; you one side of the hearth, demurely sewing, I on the other, slippered and smoking. Certainly, we should be bored!"

"Most certainly."

He frowned. "Did you ever love me, I wonder?"

The woman leaned her head against the back of the high rustic bench on which she was sitting, and Syd, bending forward, had a full view of the upturned face. "If to love is to feel utterly at rest when by the side of him your heart has elected to honour—if to love is to forsake the world and follow only where his finger

beckons—if to love is to compass all music in one voice, all heaven in a kiss, all sunshine in two eyes—then I loved !”

“ Claire ! ”

“ If to love is to prefer death rather than suffer the martyrdom of disillusion then I *love* ! ”

“ Oh ! *mon amie* ! ”

“ Hush ! there is pity in your voice, and I will none of it. I have lived every day of one surpassing year—could the gods grant more ? Ah ! listen ! they are playing *our* waltz—come,” and this extraordinary woman held out her hand in invitation, while in the sequestered corner of the

were unwise enough to peer above the walls of the enchanted country, they would see only the wide and dreary waste of disillusion ? They had made the mistake that so many make—they had been too lavish of their mutual worship, leaving nothing to desire—and the result was a tiredness as profound as the grave. Besides, to watch for each white hair, each wrinkle, each joyless laugh—ghastly !

Nevertheless, in the days that followed, they, conscious of what lay between them, were drawn towards each other with an *entrain* that even their first days of friendship had not known. A hectic tenderness distinguished their very words till they grew to think that they were about to die for love's sake instead of for weariness.

It was the eve of their last day upon earth, and they were taking their farewell pleasure. “ Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die,” had said Claire recklessly. Women are more terrible than men in such crises, consequently, this Wednesday night saw them at a *bal masqué*, in the very heart of a whirling throng of dancers, she attired in a wonderful Egyptian costume, he in something equally old world. How they danced ! How they laughed and jested ! Once or twice they separated, and instantly a masked figure would glide up to Claire with honeyed words of compliment ; or Syd would seek some passing woman and astonish and command attention by his extravagant words of admiration. How unreal everything was ! The music, the glare of light, the pungent odour of flowers ! And yet the hearts of this man and woman were filled with an impotent sense of wrath, that all this life was of no concern to them. Nevertheless, once or twice some new thought chilled their feverish gaiety and made them pause in childlike helplessness. To-morrow—where would they be to-morrow ? what would they have learnt ? Not very far off was *something*—what ? Hell or Heaven or the deep, dreamless slumber from which no man awakeneth ? Why did this nearness to the Infinite bring no message, and the absolute isolation of each human soul inspire them in this moment with such acute agony ?

It was past midnight, and they stood in final survey of the animated scene before them. Syd felt the hand of the woman on his arm tremble a little as she wistfully watched the throng of dancers.



AT A BAL MASQUÉ.

Rose Garden the two swung round to a few measures of the luring melody. Suddenly she halted, and fell upon his breast weeping : “ Oh, I am glad it is all to end soon—take me away, let us die to-night ! ”

He held her from him, then drew her again to his breast. He kissed her eyes, her lips, with all the old ardour, but of comfort he offered none. How could he, in the face of such keen perception, insult her with assurances as tame as they were hollow ?

Did he not know that she had grasped the whole sad situation ? Was he not aware that they had reached the utmost limit of Love's domain, and that if they



LETTING HIS LIPS WANDER ACROSS IT

It was a terrible thought that all these fellow creatures knew nothing of the tragedy being enacted in their midst. Suppose this little flower-girl, standing near, looking with all her soul into the eyes of her handsome partner, were to become suddenly aware that by her side were two people in league with Death. Would the colour have faded from her cheeks? Would she have shivered, as though feeling his chill presence? Perhaps.

Slowly Claire and Trevelian left the scene of almost boisterous merriment, and presently they were driving towards their hotel, hands clasped and very silent.

By-and-bye, when standing by the window of their room, Syd suddenly unfastened the pins that confined the meshes of his friend's hair, contemplating with admiration the glory that fell about her shoulders and literally enwrapped her in its luxuriant length.

"Claire," he said, running his fingers through the heavy tresses and drawing her to him, "Claire, I am going to make you a last request. Will you grant it, I wonder?"

"First tell me what it is," she replied, not losing, even in this supreme hour, her pride and desire not to appear servile.

"It is that you will let me cut off all these curls. I want them for a purpose."

"They are yours," said she, and going to a drawer, she took therefrom a pair of scissors and handed them to him.

"It is a shame to sever them," he cried tenderly, holding out one long strand in all its wonderful length, and letting his lips wander across it. "What would your mother have said, had she lived to see you thus robbed?"

"I never knew my mother," replied Claire unsteadily; "if I had perhaps—well, are you afraid that the steel will not cut? I am waiting," and she extended her graceful neck as might Marie Antoinette have done, when offering her head to the axe of the executioner.

"How strange it is to think," he continued musingly, "that you were once a little girl, Claire; that your little shoes were put on for you, your little bonnet tied beneath your chin. You must have been a charming child."

"Why do you think of my childhood?" she questioned, with a sad smile. "Is it that when one is at the end of a journey, one instinctively turns to the starting-point. I don't think I was ever quite young, Syd, for as soon as I could reason, I felt that at one period or another, I was destined to experience great happiness, and I also felt that it would not endure. Before I met you, I had fed on the bitter meat of pessimism and discontent—I now reap the effect; and there is no help for it—none."

"Claire, my darling, is it too late to retrace old ways? God knows, I am a graceless creature enough, but it seems to me that there may be yet some little by-road we have left untrodden, some little harbour into which we might steer our belated lives."

"Syd," she whispered softly; "you almost make me weep. You make me long for something nobler, wider than my destiny has hitherto fulfilled. If Christ were to pass down yonder road, I, like the Magdalen of old, would rise up and follow him, bathing his feet with my tears; wiping them with my hair."

She laid her head on his breast, and together they watched the gradual approach of dawn—watched it as the pale kiss quivered above the heaving bosom of the ocean and touched the sails of distant

ships with tender radiance. It filled them with bitter-sweet reflections, this dawn, creeping so ruthlessly towards them; yet it bore for them no message, no promise of brighter days. Would that it had!

At noon he left her, returning after the space of an hour. With immense tenderness, he glanced at the head, shorn of all its beautiful hair, for he had relentlessly fulfilled his purpose, and he smiled as the effect of those short, uneven curls presented itself in a new light. How young and boyish she looked. Was it possible that the loss of a mere outward sign could lend such an entirely new aspect? She vaguely wondered what he had done with the locks he had gathered together in leaving her, but did not ask him—after all she did not care. Simply she came to where he was standing, and, with a charming little gesture, took his hand and guided it above her brow.

"I am cold, Syd," she said.

"Little child," he answered, for there was something very childish about her at this moment; "have I robbed her? You shall learn to what use I have put my theft—to-night!"

"To-night?"

"Yes; have you forgotten? Look," taking her to the window and pointing to a distant cliff; "*that* is the point from which we shall be lowered."

"It is very steep," she muttered; "and one peak seems to touch the clouds."

"You are trembling," and he gathered her to him.

"No, no, I am absolutely without fear! Only, I was looking at that man and woman—see, there—who have been married a year. They have brought their little one with them. Do they not seem happy? I wonder what their home is like? Does she have many flowers and books in her rooms? Does she like to dress and make herself dainty for his home-coming? And does she run to him full of joy because their baby has sneezed

or done something equally wonderful? It must be very peaceful to have a nest quite one's own—very sweet!"

"Claire! look at me! Why do you refuse to marry me?"

"Very sweet," she continued musingly, "to be queen over a tiny kingdom. A husband could not tire of his wife with a child's wee hands to bind them. Don't smile, but when I saw that young mother leaning over her boy—I heard it was a boy—the last verse of a poem I learnt when a very little girl came to my mind with ridiculous inconsequence. It is painfully bucolic, painfully simple, and yet—The lines are these:—

'Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb
He became a little child,
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name,
Little Lamb, God bless thee,
Little Lamb, God bless thee!'"

He drew closer to her.

"Claire, why do you refuse to marry me?"

"Why? why? For the last time let me tell you why. First, I have forfeited your respect. Secondly, if you wearied of me, the weariness would take a more terrible form than it does now. As it stands, we shall at least, depart this life with a semblance of the old passion."

"And so you would never care to bend above a little one and murmur, 'Little Lamb, God bless thee!'"

"Mercy! Have mercy, Syd! Better die than delude ourselves with impossible hopes."

A deep disappointment shadowed his face. It was evident that neither trusted the other. Perhaps she was right; for, after all, were they not ruined? "As you say, much better die," he replied. "Will you sing to me, Claire? that song with Victor Hugo's words—you remember?"

"Yes, I sang it the night we first met."



TAKING HER TO THE WINDOW

"You were in white, Claire, and some violets were in the bosom of your dress. When you had finished the song, I echoed the last words of the refrain—"Oh, *ma fleur!*"

She rose, and, without a word, ran her fingers across the keys of the piano, touching the notes with the touch of an artiste. Syd had ever loved her playing, and when she sang her face became transfigured. For an hour, through the medium of the music, she talked to him as he lay in his chair, his head resting upon the uplifted palm of his hand, watching her, fascinated. Why did she sing in French? She knew full well how that language maddened him, how it stretched his heart-strings to their fullest tension.

"Claire, leave off!" he suddenly entreated. "Oh, I love you! I love you! I love you!" and he came behind her and drew her head back against his heart, whilst his lips sought hers and rested.

She suffered herself to remain thus, but her fingers still busied themselves with the air they had been playing. Softly the melody stole through the room, plaintive and sweet—unresistingly her head lay upon his bosom—then a weird little smile flitted across her lips as she changed the wooing of the music to the solemn strains of a dirge.

"Is this your answer?" he whispered.

"Yes," said Clair.

It is night. On a cliff towering high above the sea, lying in green treachery beneath, stand a man and woman. The hour has at last arrived, and Trevellian and Claire are looking into the Heaven above as though hoping that some unseen force may take their fate into its own hands and spare them the terrible consciousness that they are flinging away their lives as carelessly as one does an old coin.

They had never realised, somehow, till now all that they contemplated; never understood how beautiful life had been, and all that it might still hold; to bid good-bye for ever to the sun, the flowers, and all the tumult that comprises existence. Never again to sing the old songs, to murmur the old words, to smile and weep and hope. How cold and cruel the sea looked!

Presently Syd turned and spoke to her. "This morning I told you I would show you to what use I had put my theft. I keep my promise—see!" He put his hand into the bosom of his coat and took therefrom what appeared to be a cord. "We

will tie ourselves together with your hair—so," and he lassoed her waist and his with the long slender rope her woven tresses had made.

She drew very close to him, and shivered.

"Are you afraid, dear?" he queried tenderly. "Our leap—"

"You love me?" and she approached a little nearer the edge of the cliff.

"Je t'aime!"

"All past weariness is forgotten?" and she drew yet closer.

"All, darling."

"You regret nothing—neither the fact of living for me, nor dying with me?"

"I love you!"

Something in the voice of the man, an all mastering accent of *truth*, made her pause in this, the eleventh hour.

"If I could but believe you!"

"What then?"

"I would unloose this rope—I would place my hand in yours, and dare pain, poverty and sorrow for a union blessed of God and man."

She felt something sever the cord that bound them in its sinister slenderness, and then the hand of her lover steal within the



SHE DREW HER HEAD BACK AGAINST HIS HEART.

coldness of her own.

"Come!" he said solemnly; "it is not yet too late."

They turned, and, hand in hand, like two pilgrims bound for some far shore, left the lonely



IT IS NIGHT. ON A CLIFF STAND A MAN AND WOMAN

peak; left it with the cross of victory upon their brows, and the radiance of a new resolve flashing in their tired eyes.

Will they triumph — will their victory endure?

God knows!

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE drawing-room is devoted to our leisure hours, to the lighter occupations of life, and to the reception of our friends; therefore, our best efforts should be expended on its furniture and decoration, to render it a fitting casket for those cherished possessions which every woman, worthy of the name, is sure to gather round her during her pilgrimage through this vale of tears.

Though I would be the last to counsel a more lavish expenditure than a moderate income justifies, I do feel that in this particular apartment the purse-strings might, in most cases, be relaxed with advantage, even if such a course necessitated a certain amount of restraint in other portions of the dwelling.

This is essentially the ladies' room, the centre of her home, the shrine, where her highest aspirations are evoked; and the most utilitarian woman in the world, though she may repudiate the idea with scorn, is ever a creature of circumstances, influenced for good or ill by her surroundings.

Few of us, I think, realize how harsh and disagreeable colours act upon our optic nerves to their fatigue and injury; for if we did, surely most of us would

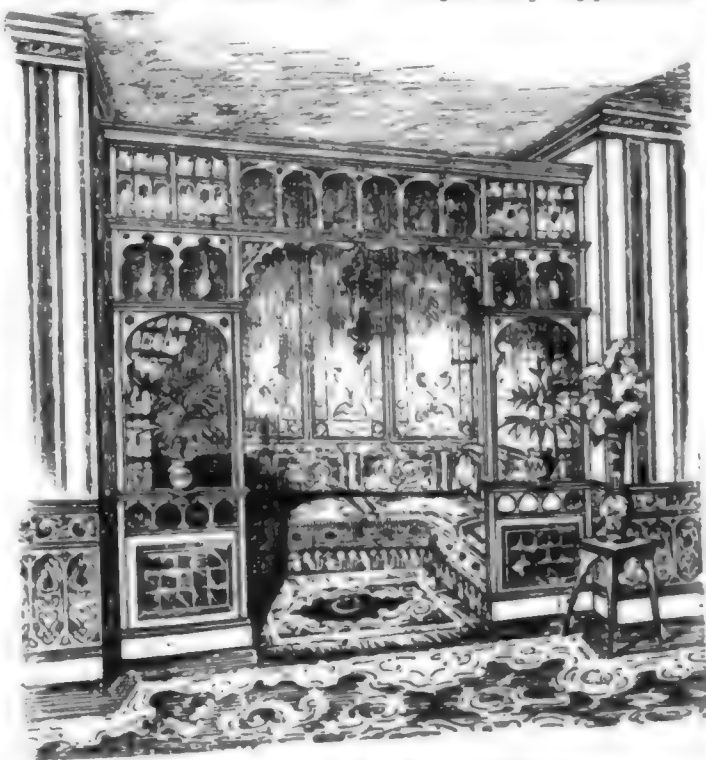
change the positively hideous wall decorations which are still to be found in some of the older houses, when, for a few pence per yard, we can obtain triumphs of artistic beauty, which present a pleasant and harmonious contrast to the eye. Without being able to define the exact shade of colouring of any room we enter, we should be pleasurably affected or the reverse, by its general tone and treatment.

Having in previous papers referred to wall decorations, I do not propose here to more than hint that the secret of success depends in a large measure upon following the advice of Dufresnoy :—

' Forbid two hostile colours close to meet,
And win with middle tints their union sweet.' "

The lower part of the wall should be heavier and more solid in colour than the upper portion, or it is apt to give the room a top-heavy appearance, which is any

thing but pleasant to contemplate. All staring patterns should be avoided, also those French papers in which a moiré silk ground appears to be covered at regular intervals with blotchy bunches of gilt or naturally coloured flowers, whose monotonous repetition wearies one beyond endurance. Imitations of all kinds should be dispensed with by those who



DECORATIVE TREATMENT FOR A BAY-WINDOW.

lay claim to good taste, and for this reason one would avoid paint grained to resemble expensive wood or marble, floor-cloths which are intended to look like parquetry or mosaic, and innumerable other examples of misapplied art in common use. Nothing breaks up a room and makes it more easy to furnish than plenty of nooks and corners; these lend themselves to artistic grouping, and of late years many pretty contrivances have been invented with this end in view.

The window fitment of which I have given a sketch is an excellent example of its kind, particularly if the view is not an attractive one, and there are other windows affording necessary light. The framework is filled with stained glass, a means of decoration which is not so much employed as it deserves to be. It is, however, gradually making headway, and doubtless in a few years' time, it will be as much used in domestic, as it is now in ecclesiastical architecture, for many of the finest draughtsmen of the day have turned their attention to this branch of art. A comfortable divan seat is fitted round the window, and the following proportions have been found satisfactory for practical use. Seat from front to back, twenty-seven inches, allowing six inches for the padding at the back. The height of the latter must depend upon the window-seat. For the necessary slope, the seat should be eighteen inches from the ground in front, and seventeen at the back.

A couple of narrow curtains of Oriental silk are fixed to the upper portion of the screen, and smaller ones to match are fastened by rings to a brass rod, to be drawn at pleasure over the lower openings, which are further embellished with



THE INTERCHANGEABLE COSY CORNER.

plants and Eastern pottery. The antique lamp of hammered iron and softly-tinted glass is another attractive feature in this part of the room, which I notice is particularly popular with my younger guests, who seem to imagine that it is specially provided for their edification, and therefore appropriate it for their own use.

As we all like to be cosy, in self-defence I have been obliged, by the circumstances of the case, to procure further accommodation, which has taken the form of a delightful corner seat, which is capable of being removed from one part of the room to another, or even into a different apartment altogether.

It is so ingeniously devised that without any sacrifice of its decorative charm, or any possible injury to the wall against which it has been resting, every part may become separate, and every fitting be unfitted so as to be rejoined as a whole, or else be separately disposed about the room, with good effect. For a double drawing-room such a piece of furniture has many advantages, and each article may be bought separately if desired. The entire fitment consists of two settees, curtains with removable brass rods, two china brackets, a corner cupboard, a

screen with shelves and a square tea-table, with shelf underneath.

My artist has so faithfully portrayed the drawing-room that it requires very little further description from me. I may mention, however, that on the side of the room which does not appear, laziness is encouraged by one of those up-to-date luxuries, a Chesterfield couch, carefully stuffed to adapt it to the various angles of the human frame; and, as a votive offering to the Goddess of Music, there is a cottage piano, dainty with marquetry, and corresponding with the rest of the furniture, which is inlaid in a similar manner. Tawny orange, brown and turquoise

pare the sparsely-furnished rooms, modest entertainments and simple service which satisfied our grandfathers and grandmothers, not to go further back still, with the requirements of the present day. There was less furniture to polish, fewer social functions, and, even in the matter of meals, greater simplicity in all respects. The fruit, the flowers, delicate china, glass and silver, in a word, the ordinary garnishings of the table which now accompany every meal, were only asked for on state occasions by our predecessors; and in this item alone it will at once be seen what an abyss there is between the demand put upon the persons who have to lay the tables

now and that which existed at the commencement of the present reign. Education, too, has worked both ways, and has led to a very natural desire on the part of the household "maids of the mill" to demand more time and opportunities for the improvement of their minds and the recreation of their bodies.

Perhaps some of the friction which at present exists would be smoothed away



A MODERN DRAWING-ROOM.

shades prevail in the decorations, and the parquet flooring is covered by a Persian carpet of mixed colourings and of softest texture.

When looking at the plenishing of *fin de siècle* dwellings, I often wonder if it has anything to do with the difficulties all classes encounter in their search after reliable domestic servants. For art in the home has certainly largely increased the labour required to keep it in order, and, at the same time, the mistress is, in nine cases out of ten, unable for many reasons, even if she be willing, to take that active part which housewives of a previous generation did as a matter of course. Com-

if those of us who have the control of a household showed a feeling of sympathy for servants, and occasionally administered judicious praise, in place of the frequent rebuke to which even the best mistresses are more or less prone.

Many, I know, who are naturally kind-hearted, refrain from this course for fear their servants should think they cannot do without them. It is no use disguising the fact any longer; they know and we know that we cannot; so what end is gained by pretending that we can? And if for no higher reason, we should recollect that though—

"We may live without friends, and may live without books:
Civilised man cannot live without cooks.
We may live without love: what is passion but pining?
But where is the man who can live without dining?"

But, to be serious, we owe something more than wages to those upon whom the comfort of our home depends, and a few encouraging words by the way, and a little extra help given, will generally bring about in the servant a feeling of respect for her mistress; while unreasonable demands, too much restriction, and stern tones instead of quiet ones, naturally have a contrary effect.

The respective duties of a mistress and servant are justice and obedience; but often the obedience is expected without the corresponding justice being given. Ruling the household is not such an easy task as many seem to think, and must only be undertaken by those who have the priceless qualities of firmness, patience, prudence, benevolence and self-possession; firmness, in requiring obedience, strict and prompt; patience to point out and mend faults and failures; prudence, in making rules, and giving commands; benevolence to sympathise with the troubles and cares of their servants, and to interest themselves in their improvement; and self-possession, that they may never appear at a disadvantage, for "she who commands others must first command herself."

But when I get on this most fascinating subject of the household, I am afraid I may weary my readers, especially the younger ones, who are naturally more anxious about their personal appearance than the more serious affairs of life, which include many domestic worries to which they are at present happily oblivious. I will, therefore, for their benefit, describe some of the newest and prettiest Spring fashions, so that they may take counsel with their guide, philosopher and friend, and prepare for themselves some ravishing costumes, which I can promise will raise the demon of envy in the breasts of those of their acquaintances who have been lax in their efforts to appease Madame la Mode, that high-priestess of the gentler sex who never suffers her votaries

to render her half-hearted worship.

There is a decided tendency to make skirts fuller, and no objection can be raised to this (as the sheath-like dresses in which we have disported ourselves during the last few months are only adapted to the slightest figures) if we stop short of that *bête noire* of all sensible women—the crinoline. Velvet is still worn, both for house and walking gowns, and Astrakan is a favourite trimming.

The pretty princess walking costume of mouse grey cloth, trimmed at the foot of the skirt with three rows of black ribbon velvet, will, I feel convinced, find favour with the readers of the LUDGATE MONTHLY, accompanied, as it is, with a novel pelerine with rolled-back collar of the popular fur, and a charming toque of cloth and Astrakan to correspond. Two visiting toilets are shown in the following sketch. The first has a long skirt of *eau de Nil* poplin, trimmed with narrow bands of



A SPRING WALKING COSTUME.



VISITING TOILETS



SPRING MILLINERY

velvet. The short jacket and toque are also of velvet, and the bodice is relieved with soft folds of cream lace. The other gown is of petunia veteen; the bodice handsomely trimmed with black passementerie. With this dress is worn a hat of black felt with large bows of petunia velvet and shaded ostrich plumes. I have also given two useful examples of Spring millinery. A hat of chestnut-brown felt, almost covered with brown feathers and further ornamented with the fashionable Ich Dien plumes. The bonnet is a modification of the 1830 period; and is composed of vieux rose felt, lined and trimmed

with bows of black velvet and shaded feathers.

At a smart dinner lately, the hostess had a lovely gown of canary Bengaline, with berthe, plastron and ruffles of Honiton lace, and large sleeves of black velvet. This dress was most charming and very becoming to the wearer, who is a brunette, with a commanding presence, and renowned for her taste in matters of the toilet.

Is not the child's dress of pale-blue Pompadour silk, trimmed with turquoise velvet, a charming model? but not prettier, I think, than the young girl's house dress, which is of soft crimson cloth, with slashed sleeves and vest of faille.



A DINNER GOWN.



CHILD'S DRESS.



GIRL'S INDOOR DRESS.

The most cunning little bows are appearing in the hair, and form a pretty finish to the coiffure, which, without this addition, is rather trying to the average face, which

looks best with the hair dressed higher than the fashion of the day allows.

I long since came to the conclusion that our manners, to a great extent, depend upon our clothes. Therefore, I think it is the duty of all women to cultivate dress as a fine art.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy,"

said the 16th Century philosopher; and if he could treat of the styles now in vogue the same advice would equally apply. For though the kaleidoscope of public taste alters, there are certain broad principles applied to women's apparel which have been the same for centuries and will be for centuries to come.

COOKERY AND DOMESTIC TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

Since introducing as one of the features of this article paying professions for girls of the middle classes, it has been suggested to me that, as many by nature and education are unfitted for a prolonged course of mental study, and that large numbers are better adapted to work with their hands than their heads, I should give some particulars of the best methods of training for cookery lectureships, and other branches of domestic work.

A knowledge of housewifery is not merely a useful profession, but a directly remunerative one, and in many cases women are paid so handsomely to lecture on cookery, nursing and the care of children, that some, even now (though their numbers are not overwhelming at present), are beginning to ask themselves, with the congested state of the marriage market in Britain, if the professional demonstration of these arts in the lecture hall is not to be preferred to their practical and gratuitous exercise on a limited income, beneath the domestic roof.

Taking all things into consideration, there seems every reason to predict an immediate and startling increase in the ranks of middle-class spinsterhood. During the last fifteen or twenty years, we have been living through a great educational and social crisis, so it is not surprising that the advance of civilisation has opened various branches of work to women, which hitherto were confined to the sterner sex. This cause alone is sufficient to insure a decline in the marriage rate.

But though there may be a decrease in the number of unions, the total of happiness is, I believe, far greater than when marriage was the only profession open to girls, for which they must qualify, *nolens volens*. With an assured but modest income, the result of her own labour, a woman can insure the means of living in moderate comfort; the same freedom is now accorded to her which has so long been the prerogative of those who happen to have been born of the masculine gender, and that obnoxious stigma, "old maid," is now rarely applied to the unmarried woman. Possessing these undoubted advantages, matrimony naturally becomes an ideal existence, which is only entered upon by those who possess all the qualifications for a perfect union.

Those, however, who do not agree with me will be open to conviction that the time employed in obtaining a technical knowledge of housewifery, and similar subjects, will not be wasted, whether the students do or do not intend to take the yoke of matrimony upon them.

About three years since, the Chancellor of the Exchequer placed large sums under the management of the County Councils of England and Wales for the furtherance of education; a certain portion of which was set aside for providing salaries for women, competent to teach with method and intelligence the principles of household sewing, dress-cutting, elementary laundry work, hygiene, cookery, etc.

To prepare for such employment, some months must be given to training. A cookery diploma takes the longest time to acquire; but under ordinary circumstances from six to nine months, according to the aptitude of the pupil, will be found sufficient. For the other branches enumerated three months each is a fair allowance.

A special course of lectures, etc., has been arranged by Miss Rae Lankester, the talented secretary of the National Health Society, who will send particulars to those anxious to qualify, if a letter with stamped envelope for reply is addressed to her at the office of the Society, Berners Street, London. Diplomas and certificates, recognised by the Education Department, can also be obtained in various parts of the country. An excellent School of Domestic Economy and Cookery, which has turned

out some first-class workers under the management of Miss Romilly Wright, is to be found at 5, Athol Crescent, Edinburgh. A boarding house for students has been opened in connection with this establishment and is a great convenience to those residing at a distance. Another equally good training school, under the patronage of the Duchess of Fife is managed by Mrs. Hall and Miss Grigg (the former teachers at the School of Domestic Economy) is in George Street, Edinburgh.

The Northern Union Schools of Cookery also afford certain facilities, as does the Liverpool School of Cookery and Technical College for Women, which gives diplomas and certificates for cookery, laundry work and housekeeping. At Leeds, Glasgow, Sheffield, Wakefield, Birmingham, etc., there are also opportunities for obtaining the necessary training. The life is healthful, the hours comparatively short and the remuneration satisfactory. Salaries generally begin at £2 2s. per week for short terms of engagement or at the rate of £85 a year for terms of six or twelve months, the latter generally leading to permanent appointments. Those who show special aptitude for teaching and for organisation can generally rely upon larger emoluments than those mentioned. Travelling expenses are always defrayed by the Fund, not by the teacher. The present supply of suitable women is by no means adequate for the requirements of the County Council, and as the work is expected to increase in the near future, I have no hesitation in recommending active, willing workers to take up the calling of domestic science teachers and thus to find a fitting outlet for the practical tastes inherent in a woman's nature.

Those who wish only to be instructed in cookery and reside in London could not do better than go to the National School of Cookery in the Buckingham Palace Road. Here a lady can be received for ten weeks and taught the rudiments of cookery and housework for about £8. Such a course, however, is only intended for private life, and is of no practical use to one who wishes to become a teacher. Students are expected to go through a much more severe curriculum and must agree to obey all the rules of the school as set down by the

Executive Committee. They may be discharged for any infraction of these regulations at a day's notice, without redress of any kind. At the conclusion of the course, if they prove efficient, they must be prepared to accept a position on the teaching staff at a salary ranging from £1 to £2 weekly; but the committee are not responsible for finding any paid employment in the school or out of it, the employment of persons certified depending, in a large measure, on the public. Teachers, while on the staff and employed in the school, are not free to take any engagement without a written permission from the committee, though those not on the staff, but holding diplomas, can make any engagement they think proper, and may apply to the Lady Superintendent, who will act as a reference for them. The complete course includes scullery-work and cleaning—the management of ranges, ovens and patent fire-places, the proper means of cleaning copper pots and pans and enamelled iron-ware; practice in plain and high-class cooking, and in teaching both branches. Students training for teachers pass the first month in the scullery and demonstration class. This meets daily from 10 to 12 and 2 to 4. During the second month the pupil is employed in plain cookery practice, and in teaching what she has learnt. Two months more are consumed before she is considered perfect. Staff teachers average £75 per annum and a meal daily if employed in the metropolis. When sent out of London an allowance of £52 per annum is granted for board and lodging. Second-class travelling expenses are also paid. Those desirous of further particulars can obtain them on applying to the Secretary, The National School of Cookery, Buckingham Palace Road, London.

In these hints of a practical and general nature, it has, of course, only been possible to speak of a few of the establishments where training of a technical character can be obtained, and many of my readers will doubtless be acquainted with others equally worthy of support and, from situation and other causes, perhaps better suited to their requirements than those to which I have referred.

I wish to thank Messrs. Gregory and Co., Regent Street, London, for the sketches of A Modern Drawing-room and the Interchangeable Cosy Corner.

The Experiences of Loveday Brooke, Lady Detective.

By C. L. PIRKIS, Author of "*Lady Lovelace*," &c. &c.

THE MURDER AT TROYTE'S HILL.

"GRIFFITHS, of the Newcastle Constabulary, has the case in hand," said Mr. Dyer; "those Newcastle men are keen-witted, shrewd fellows, and very jealous of outside interference. They only sent to me under protest, as it were, because they wanted your sharp wits at work inside the house."

"I suppose throughout I am to work with Griffiths, not with you?" said Miss Brooke.

"Yes; when I have given you in outline the facts of the case, I simply have nothing more to do with it, and you must depend on Griffiths for any assistance of any sort that you may require."

Here, with a swing, Mr. Dyer opened his big ledger and turned rapidly over its leaves till he came to the heading "Troyte's Hill" and the date "September 6th."

"I'm all attention," said Loveday, leaning back in her chair in the attitude of a listener.

"The murdered man," resumed Mr. Dyer, "is a certain Alexander Henderson—usually known as old Sandy—lodge-keeper to Mr. Craven, of Troyte's Hill, Cumberland. The lodge consists merely of two rooms on the ground floor, a bedroom and a sitting-room; these Sandy occupied alone, having neither kith nor kin of any degree. On the morning of September 6th, some children going up to the house with milk from the farm, noticed that Sandy's bedroom window stood wide open. Curiosity prompted them to peep in; and then, to their horror, they saw old Sandy, in his night-shirt, lying dead on the floor, as if he had fallen backwards from the window. They raised an alarm; and on examination, it was found that death

had ensued from a heavy blow on the temple, given either by a strong fist or some blunt instrument. The room, on being entered, presented a curious appearance. It was as if a herd of monkeys had been turned into it and allowed to work their impish will. Not an article of furniture remained in its place: the bedclothes had been rolled into a bundle and stuffed into the chimney; the bedstead—a small iron one—lay on its side; the one chair in the room stood on the top of the table; fender and fire-irons lay across the washstand, whose basin was to be found in a farther corner, holding bolster and pillow. The clock stood on its head in the middle of the mantelpiece; and the small vases and ornaments, which flanked it on either side, were walking, as it were, in a straight line towards the door. The old man's clothes had been rolled into a ball and thrown on the top of a high cupboard in which he kept his savings and whatever valuables he had. This cupboard, however, had not been meddled with, and its contents remained intact, so it was evident that robbery was not the motive for the crime. At the inquest, subsequently held, a verdict of 'wilful murder' against some person or persons unknown was returned. The local police are diligently investigating the affair, but, as yet, no arrests have been made. The opinion that at present prevails in the neighbourhood is that the crime has been perpetrated by some lunatic, escaped or otherwise, and enquiries are being made at the local asylums as to missing or lately released inmates. Griffiths, however, tells me that his suspicions set in another direction."

"Did anything of importance transpire at the inquest?"

"Nothing specially important. Mr. Craven broke down in giving his evidence when he alluded to the confidential relations that had always subsisted between Sandy and himself, and spoke of the last time that he had seen him alive. The evidence of the butler, and one or two of the female servants, seems clear enough, and they let fall something of a hint that Sandy was not altogether a favourite among them, on account of the overbearing manner in which he used his influence with his master. Young Mr. Craven, a youth of about nineteen, home from Oxford for the long vacation, was not present at the inquest; a doctor's certificate was put in stating that he was suffering from typhoid fever, and could not leave his bed without risk to his life. Now this young man is a thoroughly bad sort, and as much a gentleman-blackleg as it is possible for such a young fellow to be. It seems to Griffiths that there is something suspicious about this illness of his. He came back from Oxford on the verge of delirium tremens, pulled round from that, and then suddenly, on the day after the murder, Mrs. Craven rings the bell, announces that he has developed typhoid fever and orders a doctor to be sent for."

"What sort of man is Mr. Craven senior?"

"He seems to be a quiet old fellow, a scholar and learned philologist. Neither his neighbours nor his family see much of him; he almost lives in his study, writing a treatise, in seven or eight volumes, on comparative philology. He is not a rich man. Troyte's Hill, though it carries position in the county, is not a paying property, and Mr. Craven is unable to keep it up properly. I am told he has had to cut down expenses in all directions in order to send his son to college, and his daughter from first to last, has been entirely educated by her mother. Mr. Craven was originally intended for the church, but for

some reason or other, when his college career came to an end, he did not present himself for ordination—went out to Natal instead, where he obtained some civil appointment and where he remained for about fifteen years. Henderson was his servant during the latter portion of his Oxford career, and must have been greatly respected by him, for although the remuneration derived from his appointment at Natal was small, he paid Sandy a regular yearly allowance out of it. When, about ten years ago, he succeeded to Troyte's Hill, on the death of his elder brother, and returned home with his family, Sandy was immediately installed as lodge-keeper, and at so high a rate of pay that the butler's wages were cut down to meet it."

"Ah, that wouldn't improve the butler's feelings towards him," ejaculated Loveday.

Mr. Dyer went on: "But, in spite of his high wages, he doesn't appear to have troubled much about his duties as lodge-keeper, for they were performed, as a rule, by the gardener's boy, while he took his meals and passed his time at the house, and, speaking generally, put his finger into every pie. You know the old adage respecting the servant of twenty-one years' standing: 'Seven years my servant, seven years my equal, seven years my master.' Well, it appears to have held good in the case of Mr. Craven and Sandy. The old gentleman, absorbed in his philological studies, evidently let the reins slip through his fingers, and Sandy seems to have taken easy possession of them. The servants frequently had to go to him for orders, and he carried things, as a rule, with a high hand."

"Did Mrs. Craven never have a word to say on the matter?"

"I've not heard much about her. She seems to be a quiet sort of person. She is a Scotch missionary's daughter; perhaps she spends her time working for the Cape mission and that sort of thing."

"And young



THEY SAW OLD SANDY LYING DEAD ON THE FLOOR.

Mr. Craven: did he knock under to Sandy's rule?"

"Ah, now you're hitting the bull's eye and we come to Griffiths' theory. The young man and Sandy appear to have been at loggerheads ever since the Cravens took possession of Troyte's Hill. As a schoolboy Master Harry defied Sandy and threatened him with his hunting-crop; and subsequently, as a young man, has used strenuous endeavours to put the old servant in his place. On the day before the murder, Griffiths says, there was a terrible scene between the two, in which the young gentleman, in the presence of several witnesses, made use of strong language and threatened the old man's life. Now, Miss Brooke, I have told you all the circumstances of the case so far as I know them. For fuller particulars I must refer you to Griffiths. He, no doubt, will meet you at Grenfell—the nearest station to Troyte's Hill, and tell you in what capacity he has procured for you an entrance into the house. By-the-way, he has wired to me this morning that he hopes you will be able to save the Scotch express to-night."

Loveday expressed her readiness to comply with Mr. Griffiths' wishes.

"I shall be glad," said Mr. Dyer, as he shook hands with her at the office door, "to see you immediately on your return—that, however, I suppose, will not be yet awhile. This promises, I fancy, to be a longish affair?" This was said interrogatively.

"I haven't the least idea on the matter," answered Loveday. "I start on my work without theory of any sort—in fact, I may say, with my mind a perfect blank."

And anyone who had caught a glimpse of her blank, expressionless features, as she said this, would have taken her at her word.

Grenfell, the nearest post-town to Troyte's Hill, is a fairly busy, populous little town—looking south towards the black country, and northwards to low, barren hills. Pre-eminent among these stands Troyte's Hill, famed in the old days as a border keep, and possibly at a still earlier date as a Druid stronghold.

At a small inn at Grenfell, dignified by the title of "The Station Hotel," Mr. Griffiths, of the Newcastle constabulary, met Loveday and still further initiated her into the mysteries of the Troyte's Hill murder.

"A little of the first excitement has subsided," he said, after preliminary greetings had been exchanged; "but still the wildest rumours are flying about and repeated as solemnly as if they were Gospel truths. My chief here and my colleagues generally adhere to their first conviction, that the criminal is some suddenly crazed tramp or else an escaped lunatic, and they are confident that sooner or later we shall come upon his traces. Their theory is that Sandy, hearing some strange noise at the Park Gates, put his head out of the window to ascertain the cause and immediately had his death blow dealt him; then they suppose that the lunatic scrambled into the room through the window and exhausted his frenzy by turning things generally upside down. They refuse altogether to share my suspicions respecting young Mr. Craven."

Mr. Griffiths was a tall, thin-featured man, with iron-grey hair, cut so close to his head that it refused to do anything but stand on end. This gave a somewhat comic expression to the upper portion of his face and clashed oddly with the melancholy look that his mouth habitually wore.

"I have made all smooth for you at Troyte's Hill," he presently went on. "Mr. Craven is not wealthy enough to allow himself the luxury of a family lawyer, so he occasionally employs the services of Messrs. Wells and Sugden, lawyers in this place, and who, as it happens, have, off and on, done a good deal of business for me. It was through them I heard that Mr. Craven was anxious to secure the assistance of an amanuensis. I immediately offered your services, stating that you were a friend of mine, a lady of impoverished means, who would gladly undertake the duties for the munificent sum of a guinea a month, with board and lodging. The old gentleman at once jumped at the offer, and is anxious for you to be at Troyte's Hill at once."

Loveday expressed her satisfaction with the programme that Mr. Griffiths had sketched for her, then she had a few questions to ask.

"Tell me," she said, "what led you, in the first instance, to suspect young Mr. Craven of the crime?"

"The footing on which he and Sandy stood towards each other, and the terrible scene that occurred between them only the day before the murder," answered Griffiths, promptly. "Nothing of this,

however, was elicited at the inquest, where a very fair face was put on Sandy's relations with the whole of the Craven family. I have subsequently unearthed a good deal respecting the private life of Mr. Harry Craven, and, among other things, I have found out that on the night of the murder he left the house shortly after ten o'clock, and no one, so far as I have been able to ascertain, knows at what hour he returned. Now I must draw your attention,

Miss Brooke, to the fact that at the inquest the medical evidence went to prove that the murder had been committed between ten and eleven at night."

"Do you surmise, then, that the murder was a planned thing on the part of this young man?"

"I do. I believe that he wandered about the grounds until Sandy shut himself in for the night, then aroused him by some outside noise, and, when the old man looked out to ascertain the cause, dealt him a blow with a bludgeon or loaded stick, that caused his death."

"A cold-blooded crime that, for a boy of nineteen?"

"Yes. He's a good-looking, gentlemanly youngster, too, with manners as mild as milk, but from all accounts is



PRETTY MISS CRAVEN

as full of wickedness as an egg is full of meat. Now, to come to another point—if, in connection with these ugly facts, you take into consideration the suddenness of his illness, I think you'll admit that it bears a suspicious appearance and might reasonably give rise to the surmise that it was a plant on his part, in order to get out of the inquest."

"Who is the doctor attending him?"

"A man called Waters; not much of a practitioner,

from all accounts, and no doubt he feels himself highly honoured in being summoned to Troyte's Hill. The Cravens, it seems, have no family doctor. Mrs. Craven, with her missionary experience, is half a doctor herself, and never calls in one except in a serious emergency."

"The certificate was in order, I suppose?"

"Undoubtedly. And, as if to give colour to the gravity of the case, Mrs. Craven sent a message down to the servants, that if any of them were afraid of the infection they could at once go to their homes. Several of the maids, I believe, took advantage of her permission, and packed their boxes. Miss Craven, who is a delicate girl, was sent away with her maid to stay with friends at Newcastle,

and Mrs. Craven isolated herself with her patient in one of the disused wings of the house."

"Has anyone ascertained whether Miss Craven arrived at her destination at Newcastle?"

Griffiths drew his brows together in thought.

"I did not see any necessity for such a thing," he answered. "I don't quite follow you. What do you mean to imply?"

"Oh, nothing. I don't suppose it matters much: it might have been interesting as a side-issue." She broke off for a moment, then added:

"Now tell me a little about the butler, the man whose wages were cut down to increase Sandy's pay."

"Old John Hales? He's a thoroughly worthy, respectable man; he was butler for five or six years to Mr. Craven's brother, when he was master of Troyte's Hill, and then took duty under this Mr. Craven. There's no ground for suspicion in that quarter. Hales's exclamation when he heard of the murder is quite enough to stamp him as an innocent man: 'Serve the old idiot right,' he cried: 'I couldn't pump up a tear for him if I tried for a month of Sundays!' Now I take it, Miss Brooke, a guilty man wouldn't dare make such a speech as that!"

"You think not?"

Griffiths stared at her. "I'm a little disappointed in her," he thought. "I'm afraid her powers have been slightly exaggerated if she can't see such a straightforward thing as that."

Aloud he said, a little sharply, "Well, I don't stand alone in my thinking. No one yet has breathed a word against Hales, and if they did I've no doubt he could prove an *alibi* without any trouble, for he lives in the house, and everyone has a good word for him."

"I suppose Sandy's lodge has been put into order by this time?"

"Yes; after the inquest, and when all possible evidence had been taken, everything was put straight."

"At the inquest it was stated that no marks of footsteps could be traced in any direction?"

"The long drought we've had would render such a thing impossible, let alone the fact that Sandy's lodge stands right on the gravelled drive, without flower-

beds or grass borders of any sort around it. But look here, Miss Brooke, don't you be wasting your time over the lodge and its surroundings. Every iota of fact on that matter has been gone through over and over again by me and my chief. What we want you to do is to go straight into the house and concentrate attention on Master Harry's sick-room, and find out what's going on there.

What he did outside the house on the night of the 6th, I've no doubt I shall be able to find out for myself. Now, Miss Brooke, you've asked me no end of questions, to which I have replied as fully as it was in my power to do; will you be good enough to answer one question that I wish to put, as straightforwardly as I have answered yours?

You have had fullest particulars given you of the condition of Sandy's room when the police entered it on the morning after the murder. No doubt, at the present moment, you can see

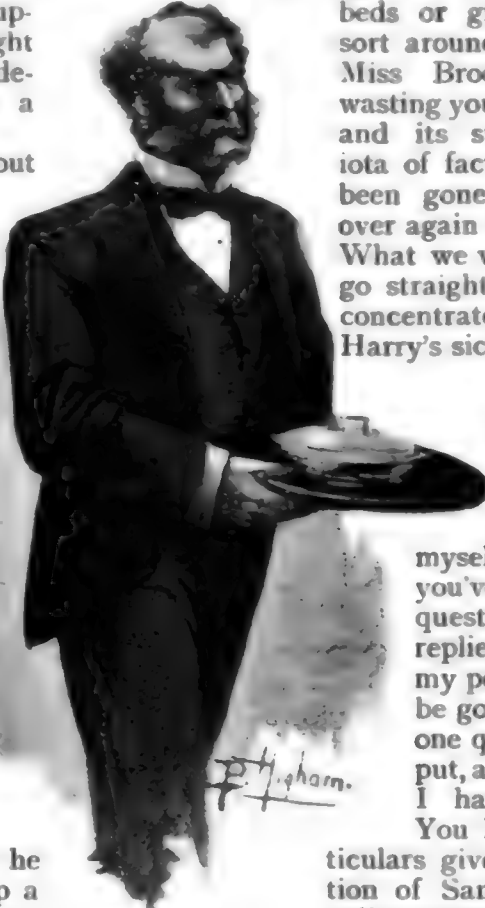
it all in your mind's eye—the bedstead on its side, the clock on its head, the bed-clothes half-way up the chimney, the little vases and ornaments walking in a straight line towards the door?"

Loveday bowed her head.

"Very well. Now will you be good enough to tell me what this scene of confusion recalls to your mind before anything else?"

"The room of an unpopular Oxford freshman after a raid upon it by undergrads," answered Loveday promptly.

Mr. Griffiths rubbed his hands.



THE BUTLER.

"Quite so!" he ejaculated. "I see, after all, we are one at heart in this matter, in spite of a little surface disagreement of ideas. Depend upon it, by-and-bye, like the engineers tunnelling from different quarters under the Alps, we shall meet at the same point and shake hands. By-the-way, I have arranged for daily communication between us through the postboy who takes the letters to Troyte's Hill. He is trustworthy, and any letter you give him for me will find its way into my hands within the hour."

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when Loveday drove in through the park gates of Troyte's Hill, past the lodge where old Sandy had met with his death. It was a pretty little cottage, covered with Virginia creeper and wild honeysuckle, and showing no outward sign of the tragedy that had been enacted within.

The park and pleasure-grounds of Troyte's Hill were extensive, and the house itself was a somewhat imposing red brick structure, built, possibly, at the time when Dutch William's taste had grown popular in the country. Its frontage presented a somewhat forlorn appearance, its centre windows—a square of eight—alone seeming to show signs of occupation. With the exception of two windows at the extreme end of the bedroom floor of the north wing, where, possibly, the invalid and his mother were located, and two windows at the extreme end of the ground floor of the south wing, which Loveday ascertained subsequently were those of Mr. Craven's study, not a single window in either wing owned blind or curtain. The wings were extensive, and it was easy to understand that at the extreme end of the one the fever patient would be isolated from the rest of the household, and that at the extreme end of the other Mr. Craven could secure the quiet and freedom from interruption which, no doubt, were essential to the due prosecution of his philological studies.

Alike on the house and ill-kept grounds were present the stamp of the smallness of the income of the master and owner of the place. The terrace, which ran the length of the house in front, and on to which every window on the ground floor opened, was miserably out of repair: not a lintel or door-post, window-ledge or balcony but what seemed to cry aloud for the touch of the painter. "Pity me! I have seen better days," Loveday could

fancy written as a legend across the red-brick porch that gave entrance to the old house.

The butler, John Hales, admitted Loveday, shouldered her portmanteau and told her he would show her to her room. He was a tall, powerfully-built man, with a ruddy face and dogged expression of countenance. It was easy to understand that, off and on, there must have been many a sharp encounter between him and old Sandy. He treated Loveday in an easy, familiar fashion, evidently considering that an amanuensis took much the same rank as a nursery governess—that is to say, a little below a lady's maid and a little above a housemaid.

"We're short of hands, just now," he said, in broad Cumberland dialect, as he led the way up the wide staircase. "Some of the lasses downstairs took fright at the fever and went home. Cook and I are single-handed, for Moggie, the only maid left, has been told off to wait on Madam and Master Harry. I hope you're not afeared of fever?"

Loveday explained that she was not, and asked if the room at the extreme end of the north wing was the one assigned to "Madam and Master Harry."

"Yes," said the man; "it's convenient for sick nursing; there's a flight of stairs runs straight down from it to the kitchen quarters. We put all Madam wants at the foot of those stairs and Moggie comes down and fetches it. Moggie herself never enters the sick-room. I take it you'll not be seeing Madam for many a day, yet awhile."

"When shall I see Mr. Craven? At dinner to-night?"

"That's what naebody could say," answered Hales. "He may not come out of his study till past midnight; sometimes he sits there till two or three in the morning. Shouldn't advise you to wait till he wants his dinner—better have a cup of tea and a chop sent up to you. Madam never waits for him at any meal."

As he finished speaking he deposited the portmanteau outside one of the many doors opening into the gallery.

"This is Miss Craven's room," he went on; "cook and me thought you'd better have it, as it would want less getting ready than the other rooms, and work is work when there are so few hands to do

it. Oh, my stars! I do declare there is cook putting it straight for you now."

The last sentence was added as the opened door laid bare to view, the cook, with a duster in her hand, polishing a mirror; the bed had been made, it is true, but otherwise the room must have been much as Miss Craven left it, after a hurried packing up.

To the surprise of the two servants Loveday took the matter very lightly.

"I have a special talent for arranging rooms and would prefer getting this one straight for myself," she said. "Now, if you will go and get ready that chop and

the ashes in the grate, the debris of the last fire made there, were raked over and well looked through.

This careful investigation of Miss Craven's late surroundings occupied in all about three quarters of an hour, and Loveday, with her hat in her hand, descended the stairs to see Hales crossing the hall to the dining-room with the promised cup of tea and chop.

In silence and solitude she partook of the simple repast in a dining-hall that could, with ease have banqueted a hundred and fifty guests.

"Now for the grounds before it gets dark," she said to herself, as she noted that already the outside shadows were beginning to slant.

The dining-hall was at the back of the house; and here, as in the front, the windows, reaching to the ground, presented easy means of egress. The flower-garden was on this side of the house and sloped downhill to a pretty stretch of well-wooded country.

Loveday did not linger here even to admire, but passed at once round the south corner of the house to the windows which she had ascertained, by a careless question to the butler, were those of Mr. Craven's study.

Very cautiously she drew near them, for the blinds were up, the curtains drawn back. A side glance, however, relieved her apprehensions, for it showed her the occupant of the room, seated in an easy-chair, with his back to the windows. From the length of his outstretched limbs he was

evidently a tall man. His hair was silvery and curly, the lower part of his face was hidden from her view by the chair, but she could see one hand was pressed tightly across his eyes and brows. The whole attitude was that of a man absorbed in deep thought. The room was comfortably furnished, but presented an appearance of disorder from the books and manuscripts scattered in all directions. A whole pile of torn fragments of foolscap sheets, overflowing from a waste-paper basket beside the writing-table, seemed to proclaim the fact that the scholar had of late grown weary of, or else

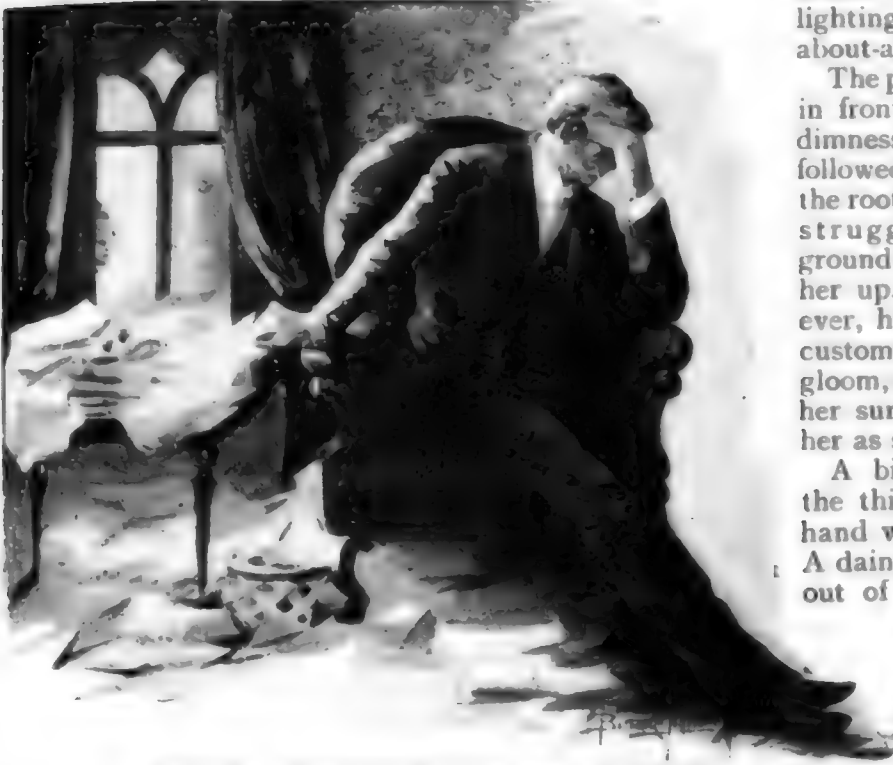


IN SILENCE AND SOLITUDE SHE PARTOOK OF THE SIMPLE REPAST.

cup of tea we were talking about just now, I shall think it much kinder than if you stayed here doing what I can so easily do for myself"

When, however, the cook and butler had departed in company, Loveday showed no disposition to exercise the "special talent" of which she had boasted.

She first carefully turned the key in the lock and then proceeded to make a thorough and minute investigation of every corner of the room. Not an article of furniture, not an ornament or toilet accessory, but what was lifted from its place and carefully scrutinised. Even



SEATED IN AN EASY-CHAIR WITH HIS BACK TO THE WINDOW.

dissatisfied with his work, and had condemned it freely.

Although Loveday stood looking in at this window for over five minutes, not the faintest sign of life did that tall, reclining figure give, and it would have been as easy to believe him locked in sleep as in thought.

From here she turned her steps in the direction of Sandy's lodge. As Griffiths had said, it was gravelled up to its doorstep. The blinds were closely drawn, and it presented the ordinary appearance of a disused cottage.

A narrow path beneath over-arching boughs of cherry-laurel and arbutus, immediately facing the lodge, caught her eye, and down this she at once turned her footsteps.

This path led, with many a wind and turn, through a belt of shrubbery that skirted the frontage of Mr. Craven's grounds, and eventually, after much zig-zagging, ended in close proximity to the stables. As Loveday entered it, she seemed literally to leave daylight behind her.

"I feel as if I were following the course of a circuitous mind," she said to herself as the shadows closed around her. "I could not fancy Sir Isaac Newton or

Bacon planning or delighting in such a wind-about-alley as this!"

The path showed greyly in front of her out of the dimness. On and on she followed it; here and there the roots of the old laurels, struggling out of the ground, threatened to trip her up. Her eyes, however, had now grown accustomed to the half-gloom, and not a detail of her surroundings escaped her as she went along.

A bird flew from out the thicket on her right hand with a startled cry. A dainty little frog leaped out of her way into the shrivelled leaves lying below the laurels. Following the movements of this frog, her eye was caught by something black

and solid among those leaves. What was it? A bundle—a shiny black coat? Loveday knelt down, and using her hands to assist her eyes, found that they came into contact with the dead, stiffened body of a beautiful black retriever. She parted, as well as she was able, the lower boughs of the evergreens, and minutely examined the poor animal. Its eyes were still open, though glazed and bleared, and its death had, undoubtedly, been caused by the blow of some blunt, heavy instrument, for on one side its skull was almost battered in.

"Exactly the death that was dealt to Sandy," she thought, as she groped hither and thither beneath the trees in hopes of lighting upon the weapon of destruction.

She searched until increasing darkness warned her that search was useless. Then, still following the zig-zagging path, she made her way out by the stables and thence back to the house.

She went to bed that night without having spoken to a soul beyond the cook and butler. The next morning, however, Mr. Craven introduced himself to her across the breakfast-table. He was a man of really handsome personal appearance, with a fine carriage of the head and

shoulders, and eyes that had a forlorn, appealing look in them. He entered the room with an air of great energy, apologized to Loveday for the absence of his wife, and for his own remissness in not being in the way to receive her on the previous day. Then he bade her make herself at home at the breakfast-table, and expressed his delight in having found a coadjutor in his work.

"I hope you understand what a great—a stupendous work it is?" he added, as he sank into a chair. "It is a work that will leave its impress upon thought in all the ages to come. Only a man who has studied comparative philology as I have for the past thirty years, could gauge the magnitude of the task I have set myself."

With the last remark, his energy seemed spent, and he sank back in his chair, covering his eyes with his hand in precisely the same attitude as that in which Loveday had seen him over-night, and utterly oblivious of the fact that breakfast was before him and a stranger-guest seated at table. The butler entered with another dish. "Better go on with your breakfast," he whispered to Loveday, "he may sit like that for another hour."

He placed his dish in front of his master.

"Captain hasn't come back yet, sir," he said, making an effort to arouse him from his reverie.

"Eh, what?" said Mr. Craven, for a moment lifting his hand from his eyes.

"Captain, sir—the black retriever," repeated the man.

The pathetic look in Mr. Craven's eyes deepened.

"Ah, poor Captain!" he murmured; "the best dog I ever had."

Then he again sank back in his chair, putting his hand to his forehead.

The butler made one more effort to arouse him.

"Madam sent you down a newspaper, sir, that she thought you would like to see," he shouted almost into his master's ear, and at the same time laid the morning's paper on the table beside his plate.

"Confound you! leave it there," said Mr. Craven irritably. "Fools! dolts that you all are! With your trivialities and interruptions you are sending me out of the world with my work undone!"

And again he sank back in his chair, closed his eyes and became lost to his surroundings.

Loveday went on with her breakfast.



HE LAID THE MORNING'S PAPER BESIDE HIS PLATE.

She changed her place at table to one on Mr. Craven's right hand, so that the newspaper sent down for his perusal lay between his plate and hers. It was folded into an oblong shape, as if it were wished to direct attention to a certain portion of a certain column.

A clock in a corner of the room struck the hour with a loud, resonant stroke. Mr. Craven gave a start and rubbed his eyes.

"Eh, what's this?" he said. "What meal are we at?" He looked around with a bewildered air. "Eh!—who are you?" he went on, staring hard at Loveday. "What are you doing here? Where's Nina?—Where's Harry?"

Loveday began to explain, and gradually recollection seemed to come back to him.

"Ah, yes, yes," he said. "I remember; you've come to assist me with my great work. You promised, you know, to help me out of the hole I've got into. Very enthusiastic, I remember they said you were, on certain abstruse points in comparative philology. Now, Miss—Miss—I've forgotten your name—tell me a little of what you know about the elemental sounds of speech that are common to all languages. Now, to how many would you reduce those elemental sounds—to six, eight, nine? No, we won't discuss the matter here, the cups and saucers distract me. Come into my den at the other end of the house; we'll have perfect quiet there."

And utterly ignoring the fact that he had not as yet broken his fast, he rose from the table, seized Loveday by the wrist, and led her out of the room and down the long corridor that led through the south wing to his study.

But seated in that study his energy once more speedily exhausted itself.

He placed Loveday in a comfortable chair at his writing-table, consulted her taste as to pens, and spread a sheet of foolscap before her. Then he settled himself in his easy-chair, with his back to the light, as if he were about to dictate folios to her.

In a loud, distinct voice he repeated the title of his learned work, then its subdivision, then the number and heading of the chapter that was at present engaging his attention. Then he put his hand to his head. "It's the elemental sounds that are my stumbling-block," he said. "Now, how on earth is it possible to get a notion of a sound of agony that is not in part a sound of terror? or a sound of surprise that is not in part a sound of either joy or sorrow?"

With this his energies were spent, and although Loveday remained seated in that study from early morning till daylight began to fade, she had not ten sentences to show for her day's work as amanuensis.

Loveday in all spent only two clear days at Troyte's Hill.

On the evening of the first of those days Detective Griffiths received, through the trustworthy post-boy, the following brief note from her:

"I have found out that Hales owed

Sandy close upon a hundred pounds, which he had borrowed at various times. I don't know whether you will think this fact of any importance.—L. B."

Mr. Griffiths repeated the last sentence blankly. "If Harry Craven were put upon his defence, his counsel, I take it, would consider the fact of first importance," he muttered. And for the remainder of that day Mr. Griffiths went about his work in a perturbed state of mind, doubtful whether to hold or to let go his theory concerning Harry Craven's guilt.

The next morning there came another brief note from Loveday which ran thus:

"As a matter of collateral interest, find out if a person, calling himself Harold Cousins, sailed two days ago from London Docks for Natal in the *Bonnie Dundee*?"

To this missive Loveday received, in reply, the following somewhat lengthy despatch:

"I do not quite see the drift of your last note, but have wired to our agents in London to carry out its suggestion. On my part, I have important news to communicate. I have found out what Harry Craven's business out of doors was on the night of the murder, and at my instance a warrant has been issued for his arrest. This warrant it will be my duty to serve on him in the course of to-day. Things are beginning to look very black against him, and I am convinced his illness is all a sham. I have seen Waters, the man who is supposed to be attending him, and have driven him into a corner and made him admit that he has only seen young Craven once—on the first day of his illness—and that he gave his certificate entirely on the strength of what Mrs. Craven told him of her son's condition. On the occasion of this, his first and only visit, the lady, it seems, also told him that it would not be necessary for him to continue his attendance, as she quite felt herself competent to treat the case, having had so much experience in fever cases among the blacks at Natal.

"As I left Waters's house, after eliciting this important information, I was accosted by a man who keeps a low-class inn in the place, McQueen by name. He said that he wished to speak to me on a matter of importance. To make a long story short, this McQueen stated that on the night of the sixth, shortly after

eleven o'clock, Harry Craven came to his house, bringing with him a valuable piece of plate—a handsome epergne—and requested him to lend him a hundred pounds on it, as he hadn't a penny in his pocket. McQueen complied with his request to the extent of ten sovereigns, and now, in a fit of nervous terror, comes to me to confess himself a receiver of stolen goods and play the honest man! He says he noticed that the young gentleman was very much agitated as he made the request, and he also begged him to mention his visit to no one. Now, I am curious to learn how Master Harry will get over the fact that he passed the lodge at the hour at which the murder was most probably committed; or how he will get out of the dilemma of having re-passed the lodge on his way back to the house, and not noticed the wide-open window with the full moon shining down on it?

"Another word! Keep out of the way when I arrive at the house, somewhere between two and three in the afternoon, to serve the warrant. I do not wish your professional capacity to get wind, for you will most likely yet be of some use to us in the house.

"S. G."

Loveday read this note, seated at Mr. Craven's writing-table, with the old gentleman himself reclining motionless beside her in his easy-chair. A little smile played about the corners of her mouth as she read over again the words—"for you will most likely yet be of some use to us in the house."

Loveday's second day in Mr. Craven's study promised to be as unfruitful as the first. For fully an hour after she had received Griffiths' note, she sat at the writing-table with her pen in her hand, ready to transcribe Mr. Craven's inspirations. Beyond, however, the phrase, muttered with closed eyes—"It's all here, in my brain, but I can't put it into words"—not a half-syllable escaped his lips.

At the end of that hour the sound of footsteps on the outside gravel made her turn her head towards the window. It was Griffiths approaching with two constables. She heard the hall door opened to admit them, but, beyond that, not a sound reached her ear, and she realised how fully she was cut off from communi-

cation with the rest of the household at the farther end of this unoccupied wing.

Mr. Craven, still reclining in his semi-trance, evidently had not the faintest suspicion that so important an event as the arrest of his only son on a charge of murder was about to be enacted in the house.

Meantime, Griffiths and his constables had mounted the stairs leading to the north wing, and were being guided through the corridors to the sick-room by the flying figure of Moggie, the maid.

"Hoot, mistress!" cried the girl, "here are three men coming up the stairs—policemen, every one of them—will ye come and ask them what they be wanting?"

Outside the door of the sick-room stood Mrs. Craven—a tall, sharp-featured woman with sandy hair going rapidly grey.

"What is the meaning of this? What is your business here?" she said haughtily, addressing Griffiths, who headed the party.

Griffiths respectfully explained what his business was, and requested her to stand on one side that he might enter her son's room.

"This is my daughter's room; satisfy yourself of the fact," said the lady, throwing back the door as she spoke.

And Griffiths and his confrères entered, to find pretty Miss Craven, looking very white and scared, seated beside a fire in a long flowing robe de chambre.

Griffiths departed in haste and confusion, without the chance of a professional talk with Loveday. That afternoon saw him telegraphing wildly in all directions, and despatching messengers in all quarters. Finally he spent over an hour drawing up an elaborate report to his chief at Newcastle, assuring him of the identity of one, Harold Cousins, who had sailed in the *Bonnie Dundee* for Natal, with Harry Craven, of Troyte's Hill, and advising that the police authorities in that far-away district should be immediately communicated with.

The ink had not dried on the pen with which this report was written before a note, in Loveday's writing, was put into his hand.

Loveday evidently had had some difficulty in finding a messenger for this note, for it was brought by a gardener's boy, who informed Griffiths that the lady had

said he would receive a gold sovereign if he delivered the letter all right.

Griffiths paid the boy and dismissed him, and then proceeded to read Loveday's communication.

It was written hurriedly in pencil, and ran as follows:

"Things are getting critical here. Directly you receive this, come up to the house with two of your men, and post yourselves anywhere in the grounds where you can see and not be seen. There will be no difficulty in this, for it will be dark by the time you are able to get there. I am not sure whether I shall want your aid to-night, but you had better keep in the grounds until morning, in case of need; and above all, never once lose sight of the study windows." (This was underscored.) "If I put a lamp with a green shade in one of those windows, do not lose a moment in entering by that window, which I will contrive to keep unlocked."

Detective Griffiths rubbed his forehead—rubbed his eyes, as he finished reading this.

"Well, I dare say it's all right," he said, "but I'm bothered, that's all, and for the life of me I can't see one step of the way she is going."

He looked at his watch; the hands pointed to a quarter past six. The short September day was drawing rapidly to a close. A good five miles lay between him and Troyte's Hill—there was evidently not a moment to lose.

At the very moment that Griffiths, with his two constables, were once more starting along the Grenfell High Road behind the best horse they could procure, Mr. Craven was rousing himself from his long slumber, and beginning to look around him. That slumber, however, though long, had not been a peaceful one, and it was sundry of the old gentleman's

muttered exclamations, as he had started uneasily in his sleep, that had caused Loveday to pen, and then to creep out of the room to despatch, her hurried note.

What effect the occurrence of the morning had had upon the household generally, Loveday, in her isolated corner of the house, had no means of ascertaining. She only noted that when Hales brought in her tea, as he did precisely at five o'clock, he wore a particularly ill-tempered expression of countenance, and she heard him mutter, as he set down the tea-tray with a clatter, something about being a respectable man, and not used to such "goings on."

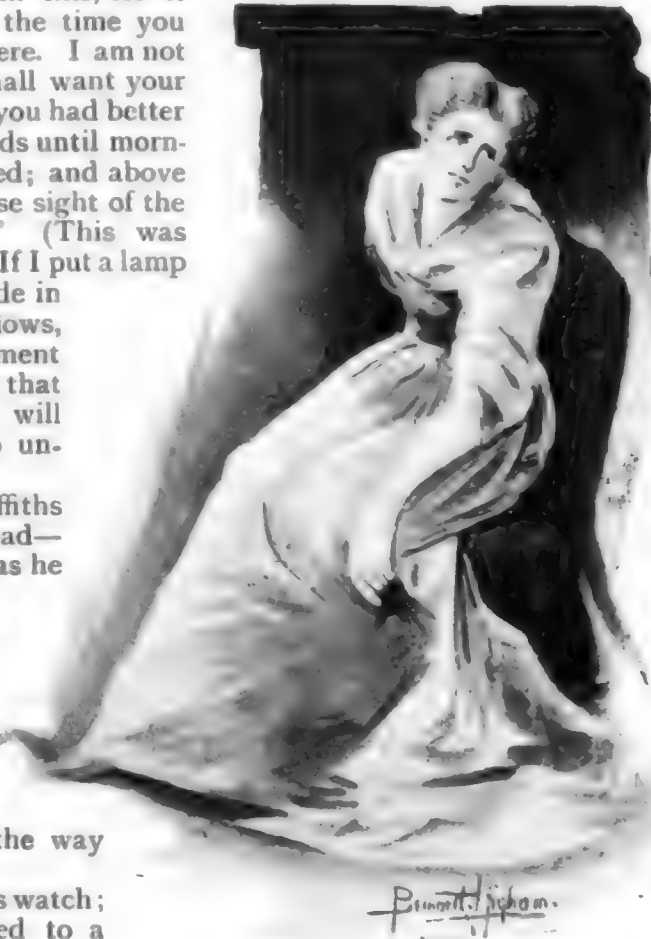
It was not until nearly an hour and a half after this that Mr. Craven had awakened with a sudden start, and, looking wildly around him, had questioned Loveday who had entered the room.

Loveday explained that the butler had brought in lunch at one, and tea at five, but that since then no one had come in.

"Now that's false," said Mr. Craven, in a sharp, unnatural sort of voice; "I saw him sneaking round

the room, the whining, canting hypocrite, and you must have seen him, too! Didn't you hear him say, in his squeaky old voice: 'Master, I knows your secret——' He broke off abruptly, looking wildly round. "Eh, what's this?" he cried. "No, no, I'm all wrong—Sandy is dead and buried—they held an inquest on him, and we all praised him up as if he were a saint."

"He must have been a bad man, that old Sandy," said Loveday sympathetically.



MISS CRAVEN LOOKING VERY WHITE AND SCARED.

"You're right! you're right!" cried Mr. Craven, springing up excitedly from his chair and seizing her by the hand. "If ever a man deserved his death, he did. For thirty years he held that rod over my head, and then—ah where was I?"

He put his hand to his head and again sank, as if exhausted, into his chair.

"I suppose it was some early indiscretion of yours at college that he knew of?" said Loveday, eager to get at as much of the truth as possible while the mood for confidence held sway in the feeble brain.

"That was it! I was fool enough to marry a disreputable girl—a barmaid in the town—and Sandy was present at the wedding, and then——" Here his eyes closed again and his mutterings became incoherent.

For ten minutes he lay back in his chair, muttering thus; "A yelp—a groan," were the only words Loveday could distinguish among those mutterings, then, suddenly, slowly and distinctly, he said, as if answering some plainly-put question: "A good blow with the hammer and the thing was done."

"I should like amazingly to see that hammer," said Loveday; "do you keep it anywhere at hand?"

His eyes opened with a wild, cunning look in them.

"Who's talking about a hammer? I did not say I had one. If anyone says I did it with a hammer, they're telling a lie."

"Oh, you've spoken to me about the hammer two or three times," said Loveday calmly; "the one that killed your dog, Captain, and I should like to see it, that's all."

The look of cunning died out of the old man's eye—"Ah, poor Captain! splendid dog that! Well, now, where were we? Where did we leave off? Ah, I remember, it was the elemental sounds of speech that bothered me so that night. Were you here then? Ah, no! I remember. I had been trying all day to assimilate a dog's yelp of pain to a



GRIFF. THIS LOOKED AT HIS WATCH.

human groan, and I couldn't do it. The idea haunted me—followed me about wherever I went. If they were both elemental sounds, they must have something in common, but the link between them I could not find; then it occurred to me, would a well-bred, well-trained dog like my Captain in the stables, there, at the moment of death give an unmitigated currish yelp; would there not be something of a human note in his death-cry? The thing was worth putting to the test. If I could hand down in my treatise a fragment of fact on the matter, it would be worth a dozen dogs' lives. So I went out into the moonlight—ah, but you know all about it—now, don't you?"

"Yes. Poor Captain! did he yelp or groan?"

"Why, he gave one loud, long, hideous yelp, just as if he had been a common cur. I might just as well have let him alone; it only set that other brute opening his window and spying out on me,

and saying in his cracked old voice: 'Master, what are you doing out here at this time of night?'

Again he sank back in his chair, muttering incoherently with half-closed eyes.

Loveday let him alone for a minute or so; then she had another question to ask.

"And that other brute—did he yelp or groan when you dealt him his blow?"

"What, old Sandy—the brute? he fell back—Ah, I remember, you said you would like to see the hammer that stopped his babbling old tongue—now, didn't you?"

He rose a little unsteadily from his chair, and seemed to drag his long limbs with an effort across the room to a cabinet at the farther end. Opening a drawer in this cabinet, he produced, from amidst some specimens of strata and fossils, a large-sized geological hammer.

He brandished it for a moment over his head, then paused with his finger on his lip.

"Hush!" he said, "we shall have the fools creeping in to peep at us if we don't take care." And to Loveday's horror he

suddenly made for the door, turned the key in the lock, withdrew it and put it into his pocket.

She looked at the clock; the hands pointed to half-past seven. Had Griffiths received her note at the proper time, and were the men now in the grounds? She could only pray that they were.

"The light is too strong for my eyes," she said, and rising from her chair, she lifted the green-shaded lamp and placed it on a table that stood at the window.

"No, no, that won't do," said Mr. Craven; "that would show everyone outside what we're doing in here." He crossed to the window as he spoke and removed the lamp thence to the mantelpiece.

Loveday could only hope that in the few seconds it had remained in the window it had caught the eye of the outside watchers.

The old man beckoned to Loveday to come near and examine his deadly weapon. "Give it a good swing round," he said, suiting the action to the word, "and down it comes with a splendid crash." He brought the hammer round within an inch of Loveday's forehead.

She started back.

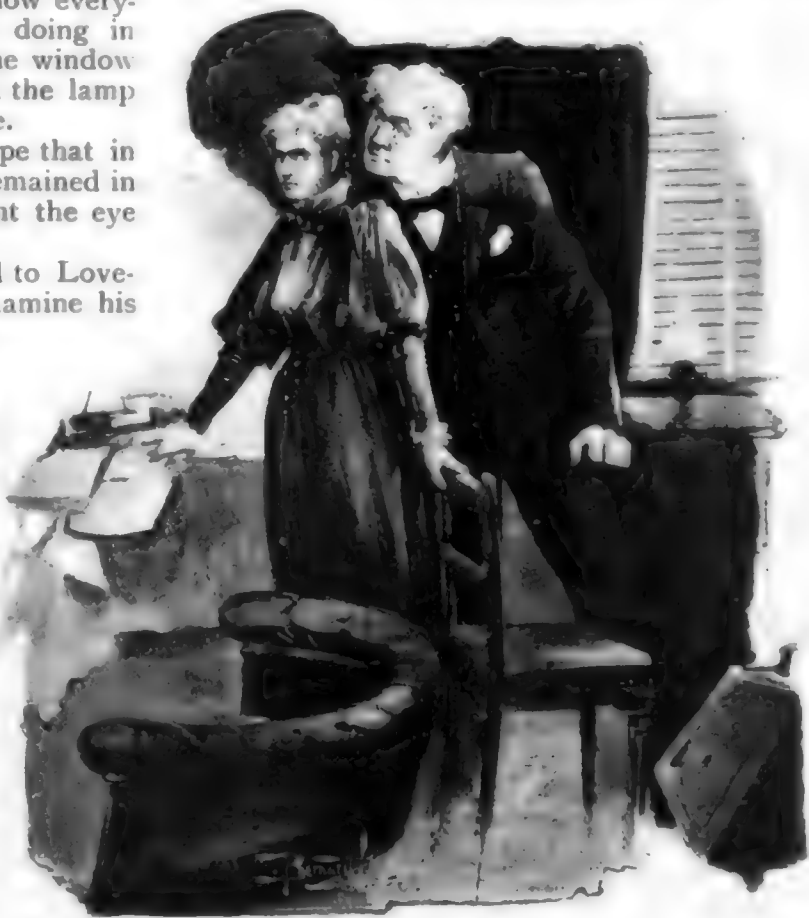
"Ha, ha," he laughed harshly and unnaturally, with the light of madness dancing in his eyes now; "did I frighten you? I wonder what sort of sound you would make if I were to give you a little tap just there." Here he lightly touched her forehead with the hammer. "Elemental, of course, it would be, and —"

Loveday steadied her nerves with difficulty. Locked in with this lunatic, her only chance lay in gaining time for the detectives to reach the house and enter through the window.

"Wait a minute," she said, striving to divert his attention; "you have not yet told me what sort of an elemental sound old Sandy made when he fell. If you'll give me pen and ink, I'll write down a full account of it all, and you

can incorporate it afterwards in your treatise."

For a moment a look of real pleasure flitted across the old man's face, then it faded. "The brute fell back dead without a sound," he answered; "it was all for nothing, that night's work; yet not altogether for nothing. No, I don't mind owning I would do it all over again to get the wild thrill of joy at my heart that I had when I looked down into that old man's dead face and felt myself free at last! Free at last!" his voice rang out



WITH HIS LIPS CLOSE TO LOVEDAY'S EAR

excitedly — once more he brought his hammer round with an ugly swing.

"For a moment I was a young man again; I leaped into his room—the moon was shining full in through the window—I thought of my old college days, and the fun we used to have at Pembroke—topsy turvey I turned everything—" He broke off abruptly, and drew a step nearer to Loveday. "The pity of it all was," he said, suddenly dropping from his high, excited tone to a low, pathetic one, "that he fell without a sound of any sort." Here he

drew another step nearer. "I wonder—" he said, then broke off again, and came close to Loveday's side. "It has only this moment occurred to me," he said, now with his lips close to Loveday's ear, "that a woman, in her death agony, would be much more likely to give utterance to an elemental sound than a man."

He raised his hammer, and Loveday fled to the window, and was lifted from the outside by three pairs of strong arms.

"I thought I was conducting my very last case—I never had such a narrow escape before!" said Loveday, as she stood talking with Mr. Griffiths on the Grenfell platform, awaiting the train to carry her back to London. "It seems strange that no one before suspected the old gentleman's sanity—I suppose, however, people were so used to his eccentricities that they did not notice how they had deepened into positive lunacy. His

cunning evidently stood him in good stead at the inquest."

"It is possible," said Griffiths thoughtfully, "that he did not absolutely cross the very slender line that divides eccentricity from madness until after the murder. The excitement consequent upon the discovery of the crime may just have pushed him over the border. Now, Miss Brooke, we have exactly ten minutes before your train comes in. I should feel greatly obliged to you if you would explain one or two things that have a professional interest for me."

"With pleasure," said Loveday. "Put your questions in categorical order and I will answer them."

"Well, then, in the first place, what suggested to your mind the old man's guilt?"

"The relations that subsisted between him and Sandy seemed to me to savour too much of fear on the one side and



power on the other. Also the income paid to Sandy during Mr. Craven's absence in Natal bore, to my mind, an unpleasant resemblance to hush-money."

"Poor wretched being! And I hear that, after all, the woman he married in his wild young days died soon afterwards of drink. I have no doubt, however, that Sandy sedulously kept up the fiction of her existence, even after his master's second marriage. Now for another question: how was it you knew that Miss Craven had taken her brother's place in the sick-room?"

"On the evening of my arrival I discovered a rather long lock of fair hair in the unswept fireplace of my room, which, as it happened, was usually occupied by Miss Craven. It at once occurred to me that the young lady had been cutting off her hair and that there must be some powerful motive to induce such a sacrifice. The suspicious circumstances attending her brother's illness soon supplied me with such a motive."

"Ah! that typhoid fever business was very cleverly done. Not a servant in the house, I verily believe, but who thought Master Harry was upstairs, ill in bed, and Miss Craven away at her friends' in Newcastle. The young fellow must have got a clear start off within an hour of the murder. His sister, sent away the next day to Newcastle, dismissed her maid there, I hear, on the plea of no accommodation at her friends' house—sent the girl to her own home for a holiday and herself returned to Troyte's Hill in the middle of the night, having walked the five miles from Grenfell. No doubt her mother admitted her through one of those easily-opened front windows, cut her hair and put her to bed to personate her brother without delay. With Miss Craven's strong likeness to Master Harry, and in a darkened room, it is easy to understand that the eyes of a doctor, personally unacquainted with the family, might easily be deceived. Now, Miss Brooke, you must admit that with all this elaborate chicanery and double deal-

ing going on, it was only natural that my suspicions should set in strongly in that quarter."

"I read it all in another light, you see," said Loveday. "It seemed to me that the mother, knowing her son's evil proclivities, believed in his guilt, in spite, possibly, of his assertions of innocence. The son, most likely, on his way back to the house after pledging the family plate, had met old Mr. Craven with the hammer in his hand. Seeing, no doubt, how impossible it would be for him to clear himself without incriminating his father, he preferred flight to Natal to giving evidence at the inquest."

"Now about his alias?" said Mr. Griffiths briskly, for the train was at that moment steaming into the station. "How did you know that Harold Cousins was identical with Harry Craven, and had sailed in the *Bonnie Dundee*?"

"Oh, that was easy enough," said Loveday, as she stepped into the train; "a newspaper sent down to Mr. Craven by his wife, was folded so as to direct his attention to the shipping list. In it I saw that the *Bonnie Dundee* had sailed two days previously for Natal. Now it was only natural to connect Natal with Mrs. Craven, who had passed the greater part of her life there; and it was easy to understand her wish to get her scapegrace son among her early friends. The alias under which he sailed came readily enough to light. I found it scribbled all over one of Mr. Craven's writing pads in his study; evidently it had been drummed into his ears by his wife as his son's alias, and the old gentleman had taken this method of fixing it in his memory. We'll hope that the young fellow, under his new name, will make a new reputation for himself—at any rate, he'll have a better chance of doing so with the ocean between him and his evil companions. Now it's good-bye, I think."

"No," said Mr. Griffiths; "it's au revoir, for you'll have to come back again for the assizes, and give the evidence that will shut old Mr. Craven in an asylum for the rest of his life."

Football.

By CHAS. BENNETT.

AGAIN have I to sing the praises of the Sunderland team, who, with Newport in the Rugby world, appear to be masters of their respective games. Undoubtedly the Wear-siders have shown us that last season's form was not a one season's flutter, having more than surprised us with their constant superior play and combination that baffles all attempts to disorganize them. Their place at the head of the League Championship looks fairly established, with an advantage over the "all powerful Deepdale Team" of four points.

Sheffield Wednesday, who boast of lowering the champions' colours at Sheffield, had the tables turned upon them at the return combat at Sunderland.

The first round of the English Cup Competition was indeed remarkable for its results, Sunderland, of course, having an easy task against the Royal Arsenal. The Cracks from the Border have lately been receiving better patronage at home, which must be a great source of pleasure to my esteemed friend, Tom Watson, who had a long face on this point when I saw him in London, and when we consider that the finest team in England should hesitate about playing important matches away from home on account of gate, I

cannot help but ask: What are we to do to excite interest in the far North?

A glance at the result of the first round almost makes us imagine there is a deal in the choice of ground, as few victories were achieved away from home. Everton

who, I have said before, can boast of drawing a larger crowd at a Cup-tie or League match than any other club, were visited by the holders of the National trophy (the West Bromwich Albion).

The great Liverpool club had a good and enthusiastic audience of twenty-five thousand on their new ground (which occupies part of the site of the Old Stanley Cricket Club Ground, about two-and-a-half miles from the centre of Liverpool, northward, and might be

said to be almost on the once famous Skirving's Nurseries, and surrounded by Stanley Park and Anfield Cemetery.

As far as the name Everton goes, it is not now in the land of "toffy," and might be more appropriately called "Walton," should lo-

cality count. Walton, the mother to Liverpool, is a name I should like to see attached to a combination such as now plays within her territory.

Previously I have had occasion to comment upon the somewhat irregular play shown at times by the Evertonians since



E. A. C. THOMSON.



R. E. SANDILANDS.



C. A. HOOPER.

SHEFFIELD UNITED.



F. H. DAVIES. M. W. STONES. J. SCOTT. J. W. LILLEY.
 D. PATTERSON. E. HOWELL. R. CAIN. C. H. HOWLETT. W. HENDRY. E. H. LILLEY. W. NISRET. J. HOUNSELEY.
 MR. C. STOKES. A. WALLACE. S. DOBSON. W. H. HAMMOND. A. WATSON. J. DRUMMOND. M. WHITHAM.

their success in gaining first honours in the League championship. I am, however, pleased to see they delighted their supporters by vanquishing the Albion, who are now completely shut out of National honours for this season.

Aston Villa, who retained a place in the competition up to the final tie last year, succumbed to Darwen, the Second Division League Team, on the latter's ground—rather a surprise, I must admit.

Preston North End, Notts Forest, Notts County, Sheffield Wednesday and United, with others, pulled through the first round. On February 4th, in the second round, Everton, with another gate of 25,000 persons, which represents close upon £600, proved too strong for Notts Forest by four goals to two.

Sunderland visited the Sheffield United at Bramwell Lane, Sheffield, a very promising club, possessing one of the best grounds in England—the Yorkshire Coun-

ty Cricket Ground—and under the same management as the County Cricket Club, with Mr. J. B. Wostenholm as secretary, a name respected throughout Yorkshire in connection with county sport. The United Club is but young, compared with the Wednesday Club, and it is one of my greatest wishes to see them work up to the first division of the League. Although not head of the second division yet, a glance at the list shows a fair probability of the United gaining a better place than they now hold. The result of the Sunderland match gave satisfaction to the United executive, as the most ardent of their supporters could not have anticipated a victory over the "all conquering" team; therefore, considering they were beaten only by three goals to one, I also say the Sheffield Club did all that could have been expected of them.

Middlesbrough Ironopolis, on their own ground, vanquished Notts County by three

goals to two before ten thousand spectators, though it may be said for the losers they are working this season somewhat under a cloud of bad luck, through accidents to some of their best players, and with strife amongst others. Sheffield Wednesday are still playing in good style, but their narrow victory over Burnley by a goal to nil was certainly a win, and praise should be due to their opponents for making such a good fight.

The competition is now reaching a very interesting stage, and by the time my readers receive my few remarks there will be nothing to talk of but the semi-finals and the deciding contests, as February 18th will see the eight clubs battling for survival in another round. As we go to press before this date, I am unable to make any comment upon the third round beyond giving the draw and my selections without prejudice.

YORKSHIRE COUNTY (RUGBY).



D. JOWETT. M. FLETCHER. H. SPEED. W. E. BROMETT. C. RICHARDSON. W. H. EAGLAND.
J. TOOTHILL. H. BRADSHAW. F. FIRTH. R. E. LOCKWOOD. A. RIGG. J. DYSON. T. BROADLEY.
H. DUCKETT. (Captain). W. H. KEEPINGS.

Wolverhampton Wanderers defeated Middlesbrough by the narrow margin of a goal: Darwen, who are showing good form this season, qualified for the third round by winning a good game with Grimsby Town.

The ties between Preston North End, v. Accrington, and Blackburn Rovers v. Northwich Victoria, resulted in a victory for the first clubs named by four goals to one in each case.

Sunderland v. Blackburn Rovers, played on the ground of the latter, should, of course, on form, result in favour of the team of "all talent," though it is gratifying to once more find the Rovers, after such a list of victories in this national competition in the past, make a bold bid. Lieut. Simpson, who appears in the Clapton and Crusaders groups in this issue, will act as referee in this tie.

Everton should beat the Sheffield Wed-

nesday, though this, I expect, will prove a tight struggle; but, having centred my hopes on the "Liverpudlians," I give them my choice.

Preston North End should easily beat Middlesbrough Ironopolis; and I must predict a win for the Wolverhampton Wanderers against Darwen.

A question for discussion now is the *venue* for the "grand finale," looked forward to in the past with such great pleasure when decided at the favourite haunt, "The Oval."

The executive of the Surrey County Cricket Club have, however, declined to allow their ground to be utilised for the greatest event of the season, and have notified the Football Association to that effect, in order that they may find another ground. Where will the 1893 "Final" be played? is now on the tongues of all lovers of the game. London certainly cannot provide such a convenient spot to accommodate a multitude as the famous

Kennington Oval, though, no doubt, a good try will be made; therefore the general opinion is that the provinces will this year receive this great event. Were it not for the fact that both semi-final and final ties are to be played on neutral ground, I would venture to suggest that Everton should be fairly considered as the next most likely place; but against this, the Liverpool club have a good chance of appearing at the contest, in which case their ground could not be used. Sheffield is able to support two good clubs, I therefore would choose the home of the Sheffield United after Everton. The ground at Bramwell Lane is capable of holding a vast number of spectators, and is therefore in every way adaptable for the final for this year, as it has proved in past years for the semi-finals.

The Crusaders and Clapton Football Teams, which form illustrations for my article, are both prominent London clubs: the former being holders of the London

MIDDLESEX COUNTY (RUGBY).



W. WOTHERSPOON. E. FIELD. G. T. CAMPBELL. G. MCGREGOR. F. W. J. GOODHUE. W. F. WELLS. E. BONHAM-CARTER.
A. E. STODDART. J. C. ORR. A. J. GOULD. R. G. MCILLAN. N. P. SURTEES. E. W. BISHOP.
E. PRESCOTT. (Captain). J. HAMMOND.

CLAPTON TEAM.



J. ARMSTRONG. W. H. RUSSELL. J. AMBLER. J. SMITH. LIEUT. SIMPSON. E. H. JACKSON.
H. O. WORRALL. A. E. CASSELEY. H. V. HEWETT. H. BARBOUR. M. BRIGGS.
J. IDE. E. J. WATTS.

Charity Cup, and the winners in 1888-89 of the London Association Cup and the Middlesex Cup. In both the London Cup and the Charity Cup competitions these two clubs have been drawn together this season. The Crusaders, before playing in the former contest, withdrew from the competition, owing to their not being able to get together a team eligible to play, therefore deciding to play a friendly game. The Charity game was played at Leyton, the home of the Crusaders, February 4th, and, after a very fast game, the Claptonians were out-played, their opponents winning by five goals to three.

C. A. Hooper is a rising player in the Rugby football world, having attracted great attention for his capital forward play in connection with the Middlesex Wanderers, for which club he holds the reins of Hon. Secretary.

For the representative team of the South of England v. the North of England,

Hooper played an important part and was much admired for his pace and good tackling; and I fail to see any reason why he should not win his international cap before long.

R. R. Sandilands is a footballer of the highest order in the Association game, of whom, together with such players as Moon, Winckworth, Veitch, Fox, etc., the Westminster School boasts with great pride. Sandilands is a great enthusiast in the Old Westminster Football Club, and probably one of the best forwards in England, possessing marvellous pace and a thorough knowledge of the dribbling game. Last season, he won his international cap, playing for England v. Wales. For London, he has been selected on several occasions; and has more than once battled for the Corinthians, against our most noted Northern professional teams, who have been compelled to consider themselves well beaten by

the amateurs. Mr. Sandilands holds a good appointment at the Bank of England.

Mr. E. A. C. Thomson is honorary Secretary of the South London League, an organisation formed this season between the South London clubs. Sir J. Blundell Maple, M.P., president, has provided the League with a handsome shield for annual competition, and with the Marquis of Carmarthen, M.P., as vice-president, and a goodly list of patrons, I do not see why it should not grow each year and provide a fair amount of attraction in the south of London.

The following clubs are affiliated, and a good season so far has been enjoyed by all:—Anerley, East Laboratory Swifts, Goldsmith's Institute, Lewisham St. Mary, Magpie, West Croydon, Westminster, Alexander Institute, Beaufoy Institute, Hanover, Herne Hill, Kennington

St. Mark, Rabbitts and Sons, Stockwell St. Matthew and Waterloo Institute.

The great match between the two counties, Yorkshire and Middlesex, for county championship honours, decided on Jan. 30th, is almost too old for me to give details of the game beyond that Yorkshire won a good battle by two goals (one penalty) and three tries (fourteen points), to one goal (five points).

Seldom has the Richmond Athletic Ground been honoured by such an array of defending talent, as will be seen by the teams; but the Yorkshire forwards quite outclassed the Metropolitans. With A. E. Stoddart, A. J. Gould (Wales' Captain), G. McGregor and G. T. Campbell, it is at once seen Middlesex was well represented, leaving alone the famous Scottish Captain, R. G. McMillan. R. E. Lockwood, as usual, played splendidly for Yorkshire, as did Bromett, Toothill and Jowett.

THE CRUSADERS.

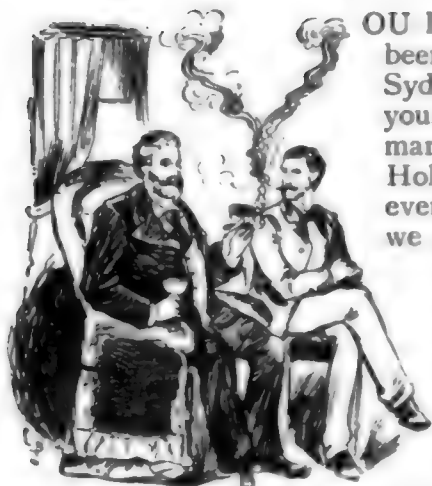


Lieut SIMPSON. G. P. DEWHURST. T. G. SCOTT. G. SYKES. G. M. LAURENCE. — HICKISON.
W. G. CONNELL. C. H. LAURENCE. A. M. DANIEL. B. BLOUNT. F. J. DIXON.
A. C. BROWN. (Captain). P. SHAW.

Leaves from the Life of Captain Tom Holybone.

By GUY CLIFFORD.

No. 6.—The Missing Passenger.



YOU have never been out to Sydney, have you, Guy?" remarked Capt. Holybone one evening, as we sat meditatively smoking our cigars after dinner. I shook my head in nega-

tive reply. It was a sweltering hot summer's eve, and although the sun was now setting, the air around us seemed as though it had just been wafted from a furnace, so stifling and oppressive was the atmosphere. "Well, the feel of this heat reminds me of the last time I was there," said he, and, settling himself in his chair, continued as follows:—

It was the summer of 18— and it was a dry summer. There hadn't been any rain for weeks and weeks, and the whole country was as parched and dry as a ship's biscuit. The sheep up country were dying by thousands, and water in many of the towns was getting so scarce that matters were beginning to look very serious. Vegetables were practically unobtainable, and everyone was praying for rain. We had been lying in Sydney Harbour for a long time, unable to complete our loading, owing to the rush to the interior of every man who could beg, borrow or steal enough money to get away with; for a new gold field had been found, and the fabulous stories that had been told of its wealth had sent the whole population off its head.

Sailors, navvies, bricklayers, mechanics, clerks, men who didn't know the difference between gold and pyrites; all were off to the El Dorado and the commerce of the port was at a dead lock.

I was then first mate, and besides the captain, second mate and cook, all our ship's company had deserted. All the vessels in the harbour were in a similar plight, some partly loaded or unloaded, others in ballast, but none could proceed with their business, and there we had to lie with the sun boiling the pitch in the seams of the decks, and the whole place like a city of the dead.

Days and weeks went by, and in twos and threes, men who had departed earlier began to return, disappointed with their luck, and by degrees one ship after another got a gang together and resumed work. So in time we got loaded, and after awhile succeeded in getting a fairly decent crew together for the homeward voyage.

We did not advertise to carry passengers, but there were three spare berths in the cabin, and one of them had been booked for some time, but the other two remained empty until the afternoon of the day before we sailed, when a second was booked by our agents at the office.

Our pilot was to come on board on the following afternoon to take us out of the harbour, and we were getting things ship-shape for our departure. The two passengers were to come on board in the morning, and I had just been into the cabin to see that everything was ready for them when the steward called me to come on deck.

"There's a gentleman alongside the gangway, sir," said the steward, "asking for the Captain, and when I told him he

was ashore, he said he wanted to see someone about taking a passage."

Proceeding to the gangway, I found the young fellow anxiously waiting my appearance.

"Can you give me a berth for London?" he demanded. "I hear you are sailing to-morrow, and it is most important that I should arrive in England as soon as possible."

This put me in a bit of a fix, for I didn't know whether our agents might not have let the remaining berth at the last minute; however, I thought, as it was so late—it was nearly eight o'clock in the evening—and they had not sent us any notice of their having let the last berth, that I would chance it and take him, and send one of the men up to the office to tell them we were full.

We arranged terms all right, and desiring me to have his hide trunk and another bag which he had with him stowed in his cabin, he bade me good-night, saying he would be alongside early next morning.

Some little time after he had gone, I remembered that I had forgotten to ask him for the customary deposit of his passage money; however, he had left his traps, so I didn't feel very anxious on this head. His trunk and bag I noticed were both branded with the initials "W. M.," and as I was getting our clearance papers ready for sailing, I called the steward to ask him for the name of our last passenger.

"Mr. Moody,

I think it was, sir," said the steward; so I entered him thus on our list.

Next day I was pretty busy all the morning preparing for our departure, and until I went below to dinner I had not thought about our passengers; however, when I got into the cabin, there were two of them, and as I had not seen them before, Captain Sanders introduced me. Mr. Wilson, the elder, was a pleasant, ruddy-faced man, of fifty or fifty-five years of age, pretty grey as to hair and whiskers, with a portly figure; whilst the other, Mr. Freeman, was a perfect specimen of English manhood, with fair, curly hair and flaxen moustache, deep dark-blue eyes and clear, but sunburnt, complexion. He was a little above the medium height, and appeared to be on the sunny side of thirty.

After the usual commonplace conversation had been exchanged between us, I said to Captain Sanders: "Isn't Mr. Moody aboard yet?"

"No, I have not seen him," he replied; "do you know, steward, if the other passenger has arrived?" he continued.

"No sir, not yet."

"Strange," I remarked; "he said he would be down early."

Before we had finished dinner the pilot arrived, and, as everything was ready, we commenced to get in our mooring cables and prepare for sea. Still no Mr. Moody.

"We will give him another fifteen minutes," said the Captain, "and not another se-



"CAN YOU GIVE ME A BERTH?"

cond." This time was nearly up when we saw a boat, with three men in her, pulling towards us from one of the wharves.

"Here he comes," said the steward.

"It's a pretty near squeak for him," remarked our Captain. "Moody or no Moody, I wouldn't have waited another minute for him."

As the boat drew alongside I glanced at the occupants, and was astonished to see that Mr. Moody was not in her.

"Captain on board?" queried one of the strangers, addressing me.

"Yes," I replied, "we are just sailing."

"I must see him at once. Have a ladder thrown down, will you? and I'll come up," he continued.

A rope-ladder was placed over the vessel's side, and the two strangers came on deck.

Captain Sanders went up to them, and, after talking with them for a minute or so in a low tone, called me to him.

"These are two police officers, Holybone. They want to know if we have a passenger on board named Walter Matthews. I have told them no, but they would like to make a search. Of course they are welcome to do so if they wish. You must make haste, gentlemen, please," continued the Captain, "as I have lost nearly an hour already, waiting for a passenger. We made sure your boat contained him as we saw you pulling towards us."

"When did he book his passage?" said one of the officers. "Late last night," I answered. "What name did he give?" "Mr. Moody," replied I. "Did he pay his money and send his luggage on board?" Then I told him what had transpired on the previous evening, and how I had forgotten to demand the passage money.

"We will have a look at his luggage now," said the officer, after hearing what had occurred; and with that, we all went down into the cabin.



MR. FREEMAN.

"W. M.!" exclaimed the officer, as soon as he saw the initials on the bag; "that's identically the same as our man's. What was this Moody like in appearance?" he asked, turning to me. "I didn't notice him very carefully," I returned; "he was fairly tall, with dark or black hair, and small beard and moustache of the same colour; rather sallow face, but good looking; he was dressed in darkish clothes and wore a black overcoat and a round felt hat." "Well, if you didn't notice him particularly, you've a remarkably keen appreciation of details," he replied; "and now we will see what the inside of these bags can tell us. I will take all responsibility of opening them, Captain." With that he tried to force the trunk open, but the lock would not give, so, opening his pocket-knife,

he slit the leather across the top from side to side. The bag was filled with clothing—shirts and the usual necessities. Closely examining the linen, he exclaimed, "Here it is!" and, as we glanced at a shirt he held up, we saw it was marked "W. Mat-



"HERE IT IS!"

thews." All the shirts were so marked, and various other garments bore the initials "W.M."

"I will take possession of these bags, Captain," said the officer; "our man smelt a rat at the last moment, evidently, and funk'd coming on board. I suppose he couldn't have got on the ship without being seen?"

"Hardly possible," replied Captain Sanders; "the hatches are all battened down, and there's only the fo'castle and cabins to hide in, and he would most certainly have been found if he had tried to stow away in either."

"Well, if by any chance he has managed to hide himself, you must secure him, and I will advise the London authorities to send a man down to your ship directly you arrive, and now I will take myself off and not detain you any longer." Within half-an-hour of the officers' departure we were on our voyage.

Our missing passenger formed the topic of many conversations during the voyage, and we were all inquisitive to learn whether

he had been captured. It appeared, from the officers' information, that this Walter Matthews had robbed his employers, with whom he was engaged as assistant cashier, of one hundred pounds in notes. He was a bachelor, and lived with his married brother in one of the suburbs of Sydney. The brother was employed in the same office as chief cashier.

The notes were missed about noon on the same day that Moody had seen me. One of the partners wished to send a remittance to a customer in the country, and remembering the notes were in the safe, desired them to be brought to him so that they could be despatched instead of a cheque. However, they were not to be found anywhere, and as the numbers of the notes had fortunately been entered in the firm's books, notice was later on given to the police, and the notes were

stopped at all the Sydney banks. All this happened on the same day that Moody, or Matthews, as I may as well call him, booked his passage. He evidently saw there was no hope for him, and he had determined to bolt. Next morning, the day on which we sailed, one of the banks notified to the police that they had been tendered some of the notes by a well-known bookmaker, who asserted that he had received them, on the afternoon of the day previous, from a Mr. Matthews, with whom he had done business for some time past, and as the amount owing was getting larger than he cared to keep open, he had insisted on having some money, and Matthews had paid him eighty pounds on account.

When the police visited Matthews's house they found he had confessed his theft to his brother and left the house, and then they had come off to our ship, as we were the only vessel leaving Sydney that day.

The missing man never turned up during the voyage. Of course we had never expected him to,

and in due time we arrived in the English Channel. We had made a splendid voyage—one of the fastest on record in those times—and had charming weather the whole time; but when we got off the Lizard, we ran into a regular Channel fog, and for days we had to grope along, scarcely able to see a yard before us.

We had been enveloped in this fog for four days, and I was standing aft by the wheel, which I was holding, while the man at the helm had gone forward with a message from me to the bo'sun. Mr. Freeman, the younger passenger, was leaning against the starboard taffrail chatting to me, when suddenly he started forward, exclaiming, "Look out, Holybone, there's a ship——" Before he finished I had turned round, and at the same instant I was struck in the stomach by the bowsprit of a large ship that appeared to



WHEN I CAME TO THE SURFACE.

be running into our stern, and, unable to recover myself, I was knocked over the rail into the sea.

When I came to the surface there was nothing to be seen of either ship, but I heard some shouting a little way off. I tried to hail out, but the pain in my stomach was so acute I couldn't get out a respectable shout; however, my stifled cry was heard, for, in reply, came an answering halloo, and I recognised the voice of Mr. Freeman. "Hold up, Holybone. Where are you?" "Here," I called, as loudly as I could; and in a short space he had hold of me and helped me to get off some of my heavy clothing, so I could swim lighter. In some way I had knocked or hurt my right arm, and it pained me fearfully whenever I tried to move it, and this, with the pain in my chest, would soon have rendered me incapable, if he hadn't come to my help in such a brave manner. "They're lowering a boat, and won't be long finding us," said he. "I'll give them a shout," and, suiting the deed to the word, he gave a holloa which showed that his lungs were pretty right. An answering call came back at once, and in a few minutes we were safe in the boat. I had a hot bath directly I got on board, and, with a stiff glass of grog, I turned into my bunk, and when I woke up next morning, beyond a little soreness and stiffness, I felt no bad effects from my ducking. Mr. Freeman, however, had not escaped so fortunately, as the steward informed me he had not left his berth that morning; so as soon as I was up, I went to see him. When I went into his cabin, he had his head turned from me, and in answer to my inquiry, he said he felt sick and should rest a bit, but he didn't turn round, and so, thanking him for his gallant deed in coming to my rescue, I was about to leave the cabin when he called me back.

"Holybone," said he "I think I can trust you. Will you swear that whatever your answer to my request may be, you will never divulge to any living soul, until I give you permission, what I am about to confide to you."

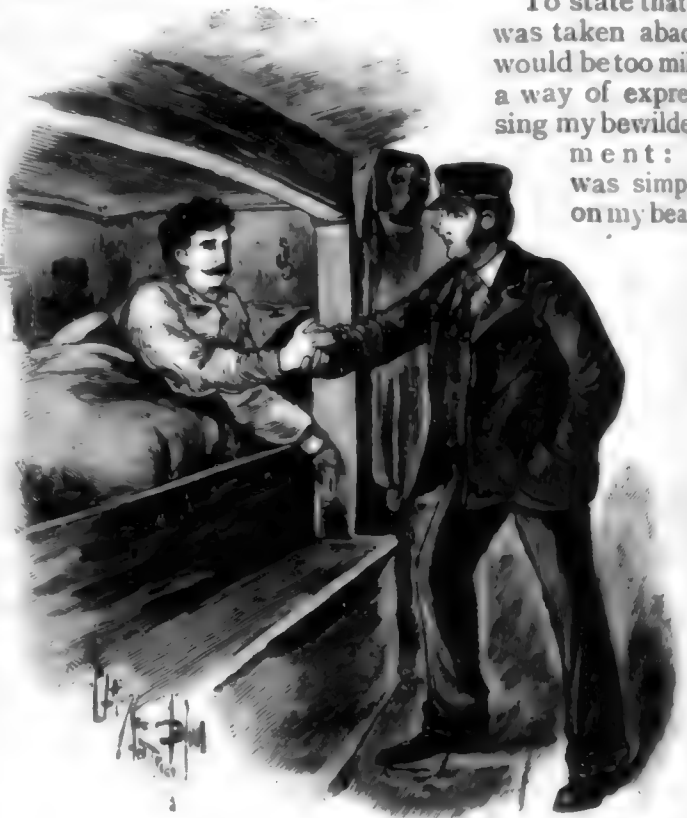
"Yes, sir, I shall be glad to be of service to you and I promise," I replied.

"Give me your hand on it, then," and with that, he turned round and put out his hand, and, as I clasped it, I looked in his face and started back. The light from the port-hole shone full upon him, and as I gazed in his face I could scarcely recognise him.

"What is it—what's the matter?" I exclaimed.

"The dye has come off my hair, Holybone. I am Matthews, alias Moody, alias Freeman, but I am guiltless, so you can still hold my hand."

To state that I was taken aback would be too mild a way of expressing my bewilderment: I was simply on my beam



"GIVE ME YOUR HAND ON IT, THEN."

ends. How was it possible for this man to be Moody, or Matthews? My perplexity was evidently so plainly apparent that he exclaimed, half peevishly: "Don't stand staring there like that; sit down, and I will tell you all about it." So, seating myself on his locker, he spun his yarn.

"My name is Walter Matthews. I and my brother John, who is married, were employed in the same firm, he as chief, I as assistant, cashier. Now, remember your promise; not a word to anyone on earth of what I am telling you, or all my pains will be for nothing." I murmured that I had given my promise. "All right."

he replied, and then he went on: "John was always dabbling in horse-racing, which I abhorred; but I didn't dream he was in any difficulties, as, knowing how I hated everything connected with betting, he seldom spoke to me on these matters. I said John was married?"

"Yes."

"Well, his wife, Alice, was the dearest girl you can imagine. She had been ill for a long time from typhoid fever, and was just beginning to get better when the notes were taken.

Of course, immediately they were missed every man in the office was hunting high and low to see if they had got covered up somewhere, but naturally they were not found. After the place had been searched and there were no signs of the notes, the office quieted down, and John said to me, 'I am going to get something to eat—will you come, Walter?' On our way John confessed the whole thing. He had received a letter on the previous day from the bookmaker threatening that unless he received a substantial sum by twelve o'clock next day, he should write to his employers. How to raise the money he knew not, and that night, when he was closing the safe, his eyes caught sight of the notes; then he hesitated. Two days later a big race was to be run. He had backed the favourite months ago, and expected to win four hundred pounds if the horse came in first, and it was considered bound to win. He had seen the bookmaker and tried to get him to wait till then; but he wouldn't; and so, looking on his winning as a certainty, he took the notes. Now he called himself a fool and a thief, and then commenced about his wife, Alice: it would kill her; and truly I believe it would—they were devotedly



THE DEAREST GIRL YOU CAN IMAGINE.

attached to each other. We talked it over again and again; neither could see where or how to raise the money, and as the numbers of the notes were known, they were bound to be traced.

"After turning over in my mind scheme after scheme, I at last hit upon what has so far proved a way out of the difficulty for John.

"I think I can help you, John, if you will promise me two things,' I commenced. 'Only get

this wretched business settled, Walter, and I will promise and do anything you wish.'

"Swear on your honour and by your love for Alice you will do exactly as I say,' I replied. 'I promise you, Walter, and may God help me,' he responded.

"Now, first of all, from to-day you will never make another bet, Jack?' 'On my oath, no.' 'All right, old man, now I'll tell you what we will do.

"I will take a passage to London by the *Southern Cross*, she sails to-morrow morning, you know we are shipping by her.' 'But I don't see——' he began. 'Wait a bit,' I went on; 'I will secure a berth under a false name, then, when my absence is noticed to-morrow, they will think I am the wrong-doer.' 'No, I'm d—d if you do,' he broke in. 'Remember your promise, Jack, old man, and remember Alice.' Then he placed his head in his hands and groaned in his misery. 'Don't go on like that, Jack, my dear fellow,' I said, as I put my arm round his shoulder; 'help me to help you; we can square up accounts by-and-bye.' Then I continued. 'When I get to London I will sell the little farm that our aunt left me, and you can repay the money, and then, if you like, but only if really you do want to,



"DON'T GO ON LIKE THAT, JACK!"

you can tell the governor the whole affair, and I'm sure he will overlook it, and then I will come back to you again."

"You may be sure, John didn't give in for some time, but he had to, you know."

"I now went and engaged my berth for the voyage."

"When we got back to the office we found that one of the partners had gone to the police and the banks, and I feared at once I should not be able to sail in your ship without being discovered. However, after a little thought, I fancied I could outwit them, and I determined to have a second mystery to hide my own self behind."

"So I left the office early, and went home and put on a false beard, packed a trunk and bag with some clothes marked with my name, and came down to the ship late and took your last berth, as Mr. Moody, you remember?" "Yes." "Well, then I bought some golden hair dye, and pretty rubbish it is, and met Jack at the house of a friend of his, and I dyed my hair and moustache a lovely golden auburn. I looked nice, didn't I?" This he said with a gleam of merriment in his eyes. "Then we went out and bought a trunk and some clothes for Mr. Freeman, and took them to the house and marked them with that

name, and I came on board early next morning, and saw the detectives play their little game and collar my, I mean Mr. Moody's, trunks."

"Now you know all, Holybone—do you blame me?"

"Blame you! you're a downright brick!" I exclaimed. "But what about your hair? You can't go on deck or land like that—and don't forget the police are to come on board."

"No, that's the deuce of it, and I have finished up my hair dye," he replied. "The only thing you can do for me is to get ashore at your first chance and get me a bottle, and meantime keep everyone out of the cabin."

"Well, I did it. We fetched Deal in the fog, and I went ashore and bought a bottle of the stuff, and by the time we took our tug on to tow up the Thames Mr. Freeman was well again."

Then the happy termination was to come. When we arrived in London, the ship's letters were sent on board and there were two for Mr. Freeman. As he read them, I saw his face pale and flush, then beckoning me to his cabin, he handed them to me, and this is what I read:

"MY DEAR OLD WAL.—The Don won, and I have repaid the hundred pounds and told the governor everything. He was very good to me and forgave me in the kindest way possible. He said he should write you to return. Now, old fellow, I cannot, cannot thank you in a letter, as I feel I ought, so come back at once. I have told Alice, and she sends her dearest love, and says if you don't take the next ship back she will cry her eyes out till you do. Send us a cable that you are coming and make us all happy.—Your loving brother, JACK."

"P.S.—Don't sell the farm unless you want to. One hundred pounds herewith for your expenses."

The other letter was from the governor. It ran as follows:—

"DEAR MR. MATTHEWS.—Your strange conduct in leaving us without any explanation has just been accounted for. I beg you will oblige us by returning at once. None outside myself and partners know what has happened. In haste to catch the mail. God bless you.—Yours faithfully, WILLIAM GRETTON."

"P.S.—Fifty pounds enclosed for passage money."

As I returned the letters Mr. Matthews remarked, "All's well that ends well. Holybone, my boy, made money over it too, haven't I?" But with all his cheerfulness I could see he was deeply affected.

We had a jolly time in London together before his vessel sailed, and I have heard several times from him since, and when we parted he gave me this gold compass I wear on my watch-chain. He is now a partner with his governor and a rich and popular man.



INCIDENTS OF THE MONTH

SOCIAL, DRAMATIC, MUSICAL & GOSSIP.

February has been a busy month in the theatrical world, several new pieces being produced, more than one of which looks like being a distinct success—and several old friends still continue to hold their own.

"Niobe," by Harry and Edward Paulton, maintains its successful career at the Strand. Strange to say, this play, which has proved such a big hit—it is now in its twelfth month—was offered to managers innumerable, and was unanimously rejected as a play not worthy of production, as there was no money in it. Yet it had run in America for nearly a year prior to its seeing the footlights of a London theatre. At last, however, it found a home in London; Mr. Mackay Robertson, with that business acumen and perspicacity for which he is famous, decided to produce it at the Strand, and I think it will be admitted he did well.

It was a clever idea of the brothers Paulton to blend ancient mythology with up-to-date science. It was a daring experiment, but was justified by its success. The plot briefly is:—

An art enthusiast, Mr. Hamilton Tompkins, purchases the celebrated statue of Niobe, and for the moment keeps it in the house of his friend, Dunn, for safety.

Dunn is having the electric light laid on, and the workmen, at the end of the day's work, twist the wires round the pedestal of the statue, just to get them out of the way.



Photo. by] [Alfred Ellis.
MISS BEATRICE LAMB AS NIOBE.

Dunn is a very much married man, in fact, he has not only a mother-in-law very much in evidence, but also a brother and sister-in-law. The family have gone to the theatre, leaving Dunn at home. In due time the electric current is switched on, and imparts life to the statue. Dunn's amazement and consternation at the resuscitation of Niobe is to be seen to be appreciated. He doubts his own senses; has he been dreaming, or has he "got 'em again?" However, there it is, staring him in the face: the statue is alive. Niobe comes down from her pedestal, and asks Dunn his name. This he gives as Peter Amos Dunn; and Niobe, catching the Christian names, dubs him Petremos, which she calls him to the end of the chapter. The question now arises, how to get her away? Tell the truth? No: the truth is too preposterous—no one would believe it. He must invent some plausible story before his wife and relations return from the theatre.



Photo. by] [Alfred Ellis.
NIOBE COMES TO LIFE.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave," etc.

Happy thought: the new governess, Miss Mifton, is expected in a few days—in fact, her luggage has already arrived: What is easier? She shall be—she is—the new governess; and Niobe is hurried off to change her flowing Grecian robe for the garb of Miss Mifton, and is introduced to the household as the new governess, Miss Mifton.

Niobe is tall, and shows her affection for Petremos, who is short, by constantly embracing him, much to the dismay of Peter.

Dunn undertakes to clothe Niobe in modern raiment and measures her for new dresses; here, again, a very amusing scene takes place. Eventually, truth is triumphant and everything ends happily; and Niobe transfers her affections to Mr. Tompkins, the art enthusiast.

Miss Beatrice Lamb as



Photo. by [Alfred Ellis]
HARRY PAULTON MEASURES NIOBE.

Niobe is splendid; indeed, I think it is the best part she has ever played. Mr. Harry Paulton, as the very much mother-in-lawed, and bewildered Peter Amos Dunn is excruciatingly funny. Mr. Forbes Dawson, as Cornelius Griffin, the not-



Photo. by [Alfred Ellis]
MISS GEORGIE ESMOND.

to-be-worried young man, adds one more character to his already long roll of successful performances. Miss Georgie Esmond gives a charming and naive performance as the rebellious school-girl.

"Niobe" seems likely to fill the bill at the Strand Theatre for many months to come.

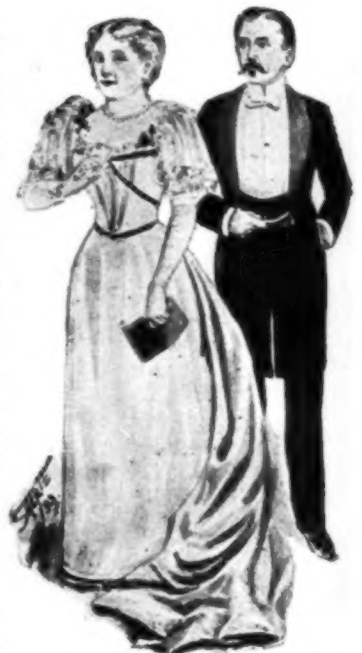
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Mr. and Mrs. Kendal received a very hearty welcome home on the occasion of their reviving Mr. Grundy's "White Lie" at the Avenue. Since the piece was presented to us before, it has undergone material alterations, but even now it

cannot be considered a play in which these two favourites are seen to the best advantage. It starts away with serious interest, and this continues through two acts, in the latter of which the very obvious white lie is perpetrated. It then develops into a farcical comedy of a very weak order; and the curtain falls without anything further to arrest our attention. Mr. Kendal is still very amusing as Sir John, and Mrs. Kendal does her best with the foolish character of Mrs. Desmond. Miss Annie Irish plays in a somewhat uncertain and hesitating manner, which is the author's rather than her own fault, and she receives no assistance from Mr. York, whose Captain Tempest is a most awkward and crude performance.

* * *

"La Rosière" at the Shaftesbury should do well, but it wants shortening, and the comedians might have a little more scope for their humour with advantage. Mr. Harry Monkhouse, who has provided the libretto, is brimming over with fun as an actor, and it is a great pity he has not infused a little more into his writing. The music is tuneful and bright, and the orchestration harmonious. Some of the love ballads are charming, and likely to become popular, as also is the laughing song sung by Miss Halton. The dresses are beautiful and the opera is mounted on a magnificent



MR. AND MRS. KENDAL.

scale. "Vaudrey en Fête," where Joséphine is crowned La Rosière, being a most gorgeous combination of colour. The plot is slight and bears a resemblance to "Dorothy," transplanted to French soil. Two hussars fall in love with two school girls, and to test their sincerity, each makes declarations of love to the other's sweetheart. The girls have overheard their plan, and have their revenge by pretending to accept their new suitors. The gallants then join some wandering minstrels, and the girls follow disguised as gipsies, more love-making taking place as a natural consequence. Eventually they discover that they still long for their first loves, and all ends happily.

Miss Halton is delightfully fresh and pleasing as Joséphine, and sings her numbers with a charming naiveté and vivacity. Valuable assistance is also rendered by Miss Violet Cameron; but Miss Lucile Saunders, although displaying a fine con-

tralto voice, is sadly lacking in point in her acting. Mr. Frank Thornton and Mr. William Elton provide the fun, but they have little opportunity of doing much with the parts given them, and Messrs. Robertson and Foote sing well as the two hussars.

Mr. Irving has produced the late Lord Tennyson's "Becket" at the Lyceum too late for an extensive notice this month. It is a most magnificent production, superbly staged; and Mr. Irving in

the title role has never been seen to better advantage.

Oscar Barrett has brought his Crystal Palace pantomime, "The Babes in the Wood," to a close after a most successful run. This pantomime was one of the best in or around London. His son, Mr. Pritchard Barrett, was responsible for most of the scenery, which redounds to his credit. His transformation scene, "The Seasons," being one of the prettiest things we have seen for some time.

Verdi's long talked of opera, "Falstaff," was produced at La Scala, Milan, last month, and was described as an unqualified success.

"Hypatia," which we hope to notice next month, has already passed its 50th night, and is going strong.

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our January Number—to whom the 3-vol. novels have been sent: S. Nightingale, 19, College Street, Stratford-on-Avon; Miss N. L. Foster, North Huish Rectory, Ivybridge; J. A. McDonald, 14, Emmet Street, Dublin; E. Orrillard, 48, Madoc Street, Llandudno; Miss G. Matthews, Foxbury, Sevenoaks.

The words of the song in our last number, "The Sands of Time," were written by Mr. G. Hayes Marshall, a popular writer of lyrics.



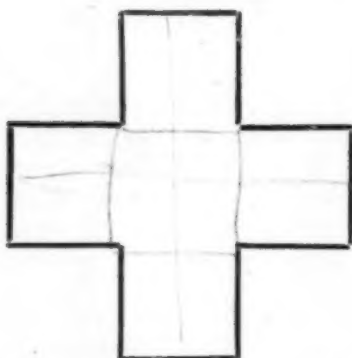
MR. W. ELTON IN "LA ROSIÈRE."



MISS MARIE HALTON AS LA ROSIÈRE.

tion, superbly staged;

❖ Puzzledom ❖



15. Divide a cross, of the same shape as above, by *two* straight cuts, into *four* pieces, so that the pieces may be arranged to form a square.

16. Why is a perfumer like an editor?
 17. Why is the letter K like a pig's tail?
 18. What relation is a doormat to a door?
 19. Why is a palm tree like a chronologer?

20. *Charade*.—My first is what all do after sleeping; my second is a plot of ground; my whole is a town in England.

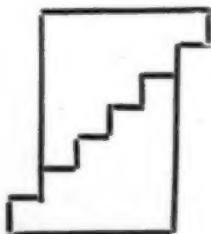
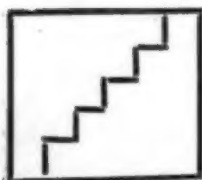
21. A farmer was going to market with his pigs, when he met a friend who asked him how many he had. The farmer replied, "If I had as many more and half as many more, less one, I should have two dozen." How many pigs had he?



Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th March. Competitions should be addressed "March Puzzles," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 1, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, London. Postcards preferred.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES.

No. 8.



9. Fourteen marbles.
 10. When it's a teething (tea-thing).
 11. Rather the elephant killed the gorilla.
 12. When he takes orders.
 13. Because his tale comes out of his head.
 14. For fear of falling out.